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The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*Continued*

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SWITZERLAND.—*Continued.*

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The Bystander

Anthony

Nini Theilade—Dancer and Choregrapher

Nini Theilade is best known in London as the leading dancer and choregrapher of the Open-Air Theatre in Regent's Park; her appearances and work there have been features of the last several seasons. Now, after dancing in *The Laughing Cavalier*, she has gone back to Copenhagen to produce at the Royal Opera House her new ballet, *The Circle*, to Tchaikowsky's *Symphonie Pathétique*. After that, in the New Year, she is joining Massine as one of the first dancers of his company. She was born in Java, studied dancing in Paris, Copenhagen and Salzburg, made her first public appearance in 1929, when she was fourteen, in Amsterdam, has worked several times with Max Reinhardt, and has toured both Europe and America giving dance recitals. As a dancer she is light and graceful, has beautiful feet, especially "sur les pointes," and a lovely face and figure

The Clydesdale—Percy Wedding

Wing-Commander the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale and Lady Elizabeth Percy were married at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, last Thursday, romantically uniting two great Border families between whom a tradition of feud and strife had made Scottish and English history. Lord Clydesdale is the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, M.P. for East Renfrew, a boxer, and a distinguished pilot. Lady Elizabeth Percy is the elder sister of the Duke of Northumberland. She wore a white and silver dress, and had seventeen attendants—three pages, six small bridesmaids and eight grown-up bridesmaids. The reception was at the Assembly Rooms, George Street, and Lord and Lady Clydesdale are honeymooning in Northumberland, at Albury Park, Surrey, and abroad

Lord and Lady Clydesdale are with his mother, the Duchess of Hamilton, and her mother, the Duchess of Northumberland, Mistress of the Robes

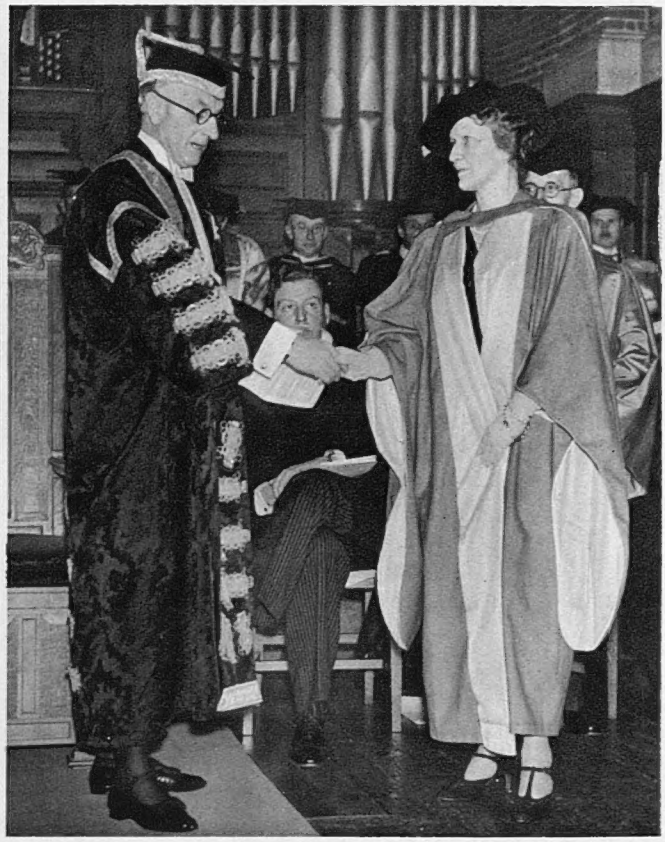
Lord Clydesdale and his three brothers, Lord David, Lord Malcolm, and Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton. The last was best man

A Topee for the Aga Khan

The illness of his mother was the cause of the Aga Khan's flying visit to India—he went by Imperial Airways to Karachi

A Deerstalker for Mr. Churchill

Mr. Winston Churchill was a guest of the Duke of Westminster at the latter's Eaton Hall shoot, when this rather sombre photograph was taken



A Doctor's Bonnet for Viscountess Astor

Sir Samuel Hoare was installed as Chancellor of Reading University, and after the ceremony he bestowed honorary degrees in the Great Hall. Lady Astor received a Doctorate of Letters, and another in the honoris causa list was the Prime Minister. Sir Samuel Hoare's predecessor was the late Sir Austen Chamberlain

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE visit of the French Ministers appears, on the surface, at least, to have been one of the most skilfully conducted pieces of diplomacy that Europe has seen for many years. There was no fuss, and no publication of ludicrous boastings such as used to be the rule on these occasions ten or twenty years ago, and no shouting about triumphs of democratic solidarity. Instead, there has been a most impressive quietness and display of common sense which has had a most salutary effect in Europe. The States in the Danube Valley are reassured; Germany is tolerably well pleased; the Colonial problem has been put into its right perspective as a part of general pacification; and Italy was so surprised by the whole business that it could think of nothing to say. Whatever the scope and results of the mysterious Halifax visit to Berlin, they have been completely put into the shade by the French visit to London.

As I write, it seems uncertain whether or not the Japanese Consulate-General in Hong Kong has sent a threatening message to the British authorities in the city. When Sir John Simon, the Foreign Secretary of the time, refused to support the League of Nations in the Manchukuo affair, there were certain people who predicted that the failure to defend collective security would bring the Japanese to Hong Kong within ten years and to Singapore in twenty. These gloomy prophets were naturally howled down by the pundits, who were only too delighted to see the League of Nations flouted. But it almost looks as if the first part of the prophecy is going to be fulfilled in even less time than a decade.

THERE has been a sudden and enthusiastic outbreak of mutual admiration between certain of the rulers of the world. Japan began it by recognising the Italian conquest of Abyssinia some little time ago. It has now followed that up by recognising General Franco. The gallant General, with true Spanish courtesy, gracefully doffs his beaver and recognises Manchukuo. Italy, not to be outdone, does ditto. Whereupon Manchukuo sets the seal upon the whole comedy by recognising Franco.

THE *New York Times* has annoyed the Italians a good deal by suggesting that the three Democracies, Britain, France and the United States, should band themselves together economically for defence against the Dictators. Signor Mussolini himself has replied in a violent article in his pet journal. For a long time the gallant Duce has been launching attacks against democracy, and now he is indignant at finding democrats still living who want to defend themselves.

POLAND, after jumping sensationally into the headlines as the next scene of a Fascist coup, has almost as quickly faded out again with the assurance of Marshal Smigly-Rydz that no such coup is intended or is imminent. It is a remarkable thing how little this country knows of Poland and how few people have ever visited it. A new Polish Travel Bureau has just been opened in Lower Regent Street to remedy this state of affairs. Poland is quite one of the most fascinating countries in Europe for tourists, and its winter sports are as good as anything Switzerland can produce.

THE Ministry of Air is surely one of the most incredible of all Government Departments. A few weeks ago I wrote about its determination to put a depot down in the green fields of Gloucestershire, where there was neither labour nor accommodation for labour, and neither roads nor railways. The Under-Secretary, Colonel Muirhead, when challenged from all parts of the House about this extraordinary decision, made no defence, but simply stated that the Ministry had made up its mind and did not propose to alter its decision. Now the Ministry has changed its mind and the depot is to be put elsewhere.

(*Concluded on page 353*)

Anthony

Vivienne Bennett—a Bitter Lady's-Maid

Vivienne Bennett has, and takes the opportunity for, a very fine piece of acting in *People at Sea*, the third of the trio of Priestley plays now running in London. Bitter and rebellious, the one-time slum-child, lady's-maid to the film-star she once adored and now hates, tries to take her revenge on the world by leading a mutiny on Mr. Priestley's derelict ship, and ends by committing suicide with a young man who shares her state of disillusion and unhappiness. That is her part, and she plays it with sensitiveness and restraint. *People at Sea*, in which Edward Chapman and the American actress Jean Muir (Vivienne Bennett's film-star mistress) have important parts, is at the Apollo

The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 351)*

This is the second time this year that a ludicrous bungle by the Air Ministry has been retrieved at the last moment. The other one was the proposal to put a factory down in the pastoral country behind Maidenhead. The changes of mind are all to the good. But who makes the grotesque first decisions?

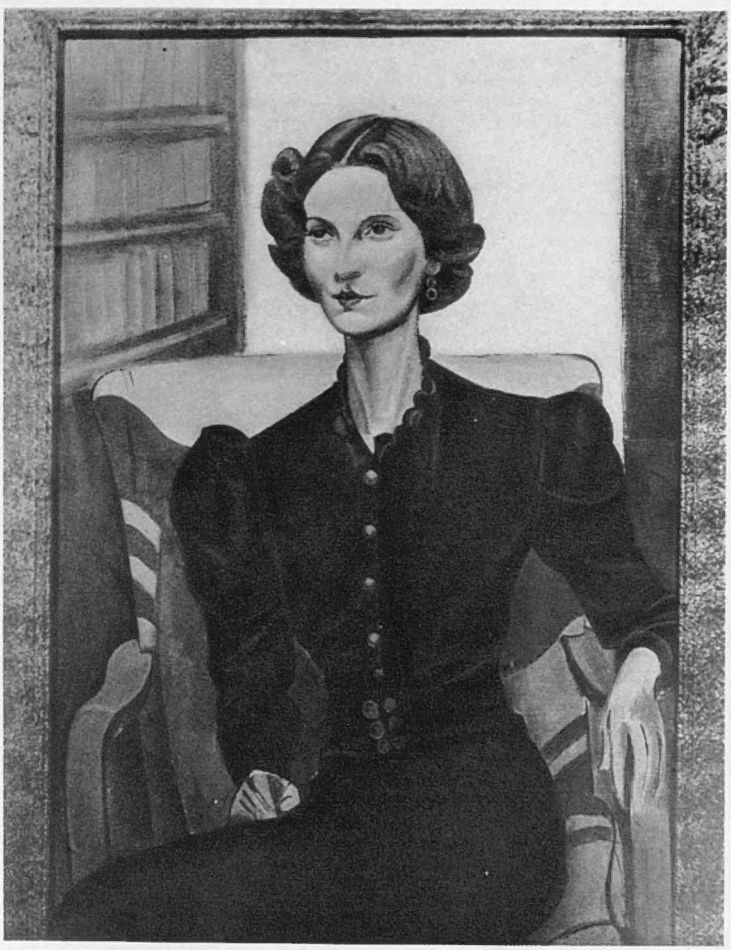
THE whole situation at the Ministry of Air is pretty tricky. Now that the Air Force is being increased at such a tremendous pace, the Air Ministry has become one of the greatest spending departments of the State. But the head of it is in the House of Lords, which is always unsatisfactory. Also, Lord Swinton has made one or two muddles lately, particularly over the Committee to enquire into Civil Aviation. But perhaps the most unfortunate thing about his Lordship is that, rightly or wrongly, he has become the hero of a funny story which is circulating all over the country. It is still possible in these days to live down a Ministerial bungle, but it is much harder to live down a great gust of laughter.

MR. HORE-BELISHA is looking for younger Generals, and has already found some. The average age of the nine High Commanders was, up to last week, fifty-eight, and Mr. Hore-Belisha is busy bringing it down. Napoleon and Wellington finished their military careers (on the same battlefield) at the age of forty-six, and it is generally agreed that Napoleon was at his best at twenty-seven. At the Battle of Austerlitz the average age of Napoleon and his Corps Commanders was thirty-nine, and seven of them were under thirty-seven. At the Battle of Jena the Prussian Commanders were seventy-six, sixty-one, sixty-four, and eighty-four. They practically beat themselves.

MR. A. P. HERBERT electrified the House yet again with his speech on the Government's inquisitorial Bill to enable officials to pester busy people with a lot of silly questions. Mr. Herbert was especially effective at the expense of poor Mr. Bernays, the Under-Secretary for Health. But then any ordinary conscientious politician suffers under a handicap when he is confronted with the lightning shafts of Mr. Herbert.

With a few more Members like the Senior Burgess of Oxford University the House of Commons would play to capacity every day.

THE House, incidentally, has passed a special Bill to enable the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow next year to run bars and sell drink in the Exhibition. The Bill was furiously opposed by a number of Scottish Members who seemed to regard it as another piece of dictatorial interference into Scottish affairs by the English Parliament. Robert Burns would have laughed himself into a decline if he had been told that Scotsmen had gone to London to try to prevent other Scotsmen from having a drink in Glasgow.



Anne Lyon, by Wyndham Lewis

Wyndham Lewis's exhibition of paintings at the Leicester Galleries—the first for sixteen years—comes hot upon the publication of his autobiography, "Blasting and Bombardiering." The pictures are highly peculiar—infernos, dream-interpretations, portraits: this one, entitled "Anne Lyon," is of Miss Margaret Anne Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's cousin

MR. DE LA BERE, the chatty Member for Evesham, has formed the singular habit of asking on every possible occasion in the House what the B.B.C. did on May 7th. Nobody ever answers the question, and gradually a hideous legend is beginning to grow up round this mystic date. It would be in the public interest if someone would authoritatively tell us what it was that the B.B.C. did on this fatal day.

PROFESSOR J. B. S. HALDANE, that brilliant, provocative, and restless mind, has been writing again about air raids. After his experience of them in the World War, and recently in Spain, he has come to the conclusion that although air raids are extremely unpleasant they are not half so dangerous as propagandists make out. Neither explosives nor gas have become more deadly in the last thirty years. On the other hand, there is the terrible and tragic truth that no gas-mask has yet been devised which can be worn by a very small child. Professor Haldane's conclusions are (1) that air raids only stiffen the morale of the populace, and (2) that infinitely the most valuable defence against the bomber is the bomb-proof shelter. But where are the bomb-proof shelters in London to-day?

IT is now announced that Mr. Compton Mackenzie is not to be allowed, after all, to write the life of the late King. At least, when I say "not to be allowed," I mean that he is not to be given access to the main sources of material. Mr. Mackenzie may or may not be sorry. To judge from recent happenings in the Law Courts, I should respectfully suggest that he is well out of it.

A JEEVES of real life has just published his reminiscences. Mr. C. W. Cooper has been for thirty-two years butler in the same family, and he has described his life in a book called *Town and Country*. He goes into queer details, such as the reason why, in the best families, it is the footman who brushes the ladies' riding habits, and what it means to be "in close waiting." Oddly enough, Mr. Cooper is emphatic that the servants in big houses enjoy servants' balls and that they are not as unhappy as they look when they have to stand up and trip a measure with the master or mistress of the household. The only thing which I found lacking in this interesting sidelight on life as it is lived in Belgravia, was that Mr. Cooper does not tell us what "below stairs" really thinks of the nobs.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA came pretty close to beating England at Association football the other day. It is true that England suffered a good deal from injuries to their men, but that does not detract from the fine performance of the visitors in equalising at four goals all after they had twice been two goals down.

THE famous Egyptian squash racquets player, Amr Bey, won the open championship again as everyone expected him to do. The challenger again was James Dear, the professional champion. Although Dear put up a fine fight and won three games, it was impossible not to get the impression that he was never quite in the class. Dear is very fast and bold and brilliant, but he lacks the champion's deadly skill in producing the certain winner when he has an opening. As usual when these two are playing, there were no "lets" and not a shadow of obstruction. They are the perfect example of courtesy and sportsmanship in the squash racquet court.

Social Register

THREE WEDDINGS

Mr. Finlayson and Miss Bagot-Chester

Wallace Finlayson and Peggy Bagot-Chester, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Hugh Bagot-Chester, of Lansdowne House, W.1, were married at Chelsea Old Church. Mr. Finlayson acts as Wallace Douglas, is the son of Captain and Mrs. Robert Finlayson, of 162, Sloane Street, S.W.1, and a brother of Robert Douglas

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. Jamieson and Miss Pilkington

Guy Jamieson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Auldjo Jamieson, of Nether Abbey, North Berwick, and Joyce Pilkington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pilkington, of 61, Cadogan Place, S.W., were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and have gone to Paris and Tunis for their honeymoon

Lord Rathdonnell and Miss Drew

Lord Rathdonnell, of Lisnavagh, Rathvilly, Ireland, and Pamela Drew, daughter of the late J. M. Drew and Mrs. Drew, of Eversley, Milnthorpe, Westmorland, were married at Heversham Parish Church, Westmorland. They went to Manchester for their honeymoon

CHRISTMAS FAIRS

Miss Mary Asquith, Lady Sinclair, Miss Catherine Sinclair

Lady Sinclair, Sir Archibald Sinclair's wife, had a stall at the Christmas Bazaar run by the Women's Liberal Federation. Her elder daughter, Catherine, who is eighteen, and Mary Asquith, who is the same age, and the Hon. Arthur Asquith's daughter, helped her to arrange it, as good young Liberals should

Mrs. Heneage and Her Son

Mrs. David Heneage and her helmeted, lemonade-drinking son Timothy were at the Christmas Toy Fair in aid of the South London Hospital for Women

The Christening of Comdr. and Mrs. Edmonstone's Daughter

Helen Antonia Edmonstone was christened at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and had the Duke of Kent as one of her godparents. Her parents, Commander and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Edmonstone, were married a year ago, and now live at Tadgehole Farm, Shamley Green, Surrey. Mrs. Edmonstone was Alicia Browne, and is Lord Kilmaine's only daughter

Miss Kenyon-Slaney and Prince Windischgraetz

Vivienne Kenyon-Slaney and Prince Windischgraetz were photographed at a dinner at Claridge's in aid of the London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind

GALA NIGHT FOR SCOTS

Miss Macpherson-Grant, Lady Brooke, Mr. Wedderburn, Mr. Younger

Lady Brooke, Sir Basil Brooke's wife, was with Anne Macpherson-Grant, David Scrymgeour-Wedderburn and Cameron Younger at the St. Andrew's Eve Ball in aid of the Royal Free Hospital

Right: Lady Higham, Sir Charles Higham's wife, had a daughter last week. She and her husband were married last year

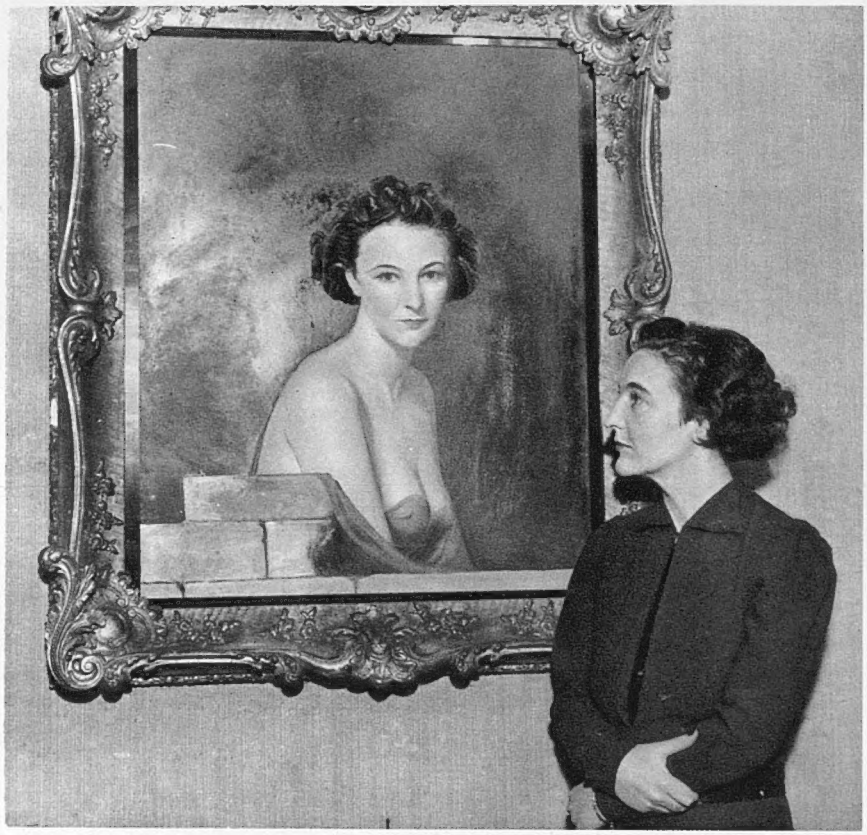
Dorothy Wilding

Lady Higham

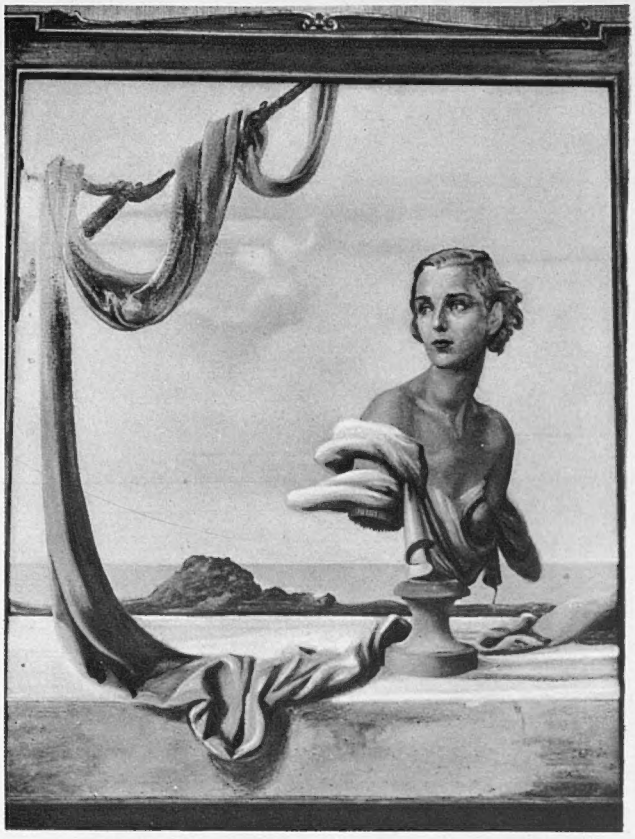
Below: the Earl of Athlone was Chairman of the dinner in aid of the London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind; Mrs. Philip Hill (left) and Mrs. Charles Sweeny were deputy Chairman and Chairman of the appeal

Below: Miss Jeanne Stourton, Lady Bridget Poulett, and Mrs. George Whigham, Mrs. Charles Sweeny's mother, were also at the big charity dinner at Claridge's for the London Society for the Blind

DINING FOR CHARITY



Lady Eleanor Smith Looks at Herself



Lady Bridget Parsons

Socialite Portraits

By William Acton

The four portraits on this page are by William Acton, whose first exhibition of paintings opened last week at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour, Pall Mall East. Of most of his sitters he has painted busts with landscape or seascape backgrounds—an original and rather decorative method of portrait painting, and some of his sitters he has painted twice. Lady Eleanor Smith and Mrs. Sitwell, for example, who were at the private view, appear in bust portraits as well as in the pictures reproduced here. Mr. Acton studied in Italy and spends most of his time in that country

The Countess of Rosse

Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell and Her Portrait

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

The Bishop stands behind Robert, M.A.: David Horne and Owen Nares

"Robert's Wife" (Globe)

THIS new play by St. John Ervine presents a problem arising out of the marriage of a curer of souls to a curer of bodies. Both, when we first meet them, move in an atmosphere of promotion. The Rev. Robert Carson (Owen Nares) is, the Premier approving, to be promoted to a deanery. Sanchia Carson, M.D. (Edith Evans), has just been promoted head of the local birth-control clinic that is her life's enthusiasm. They are a devoted couple. But that there is trouble ahead we sense as soon as the Rev. Robert remarks, "You know, old girl, a dean's wife has to watch her step a bit more than a vicar's."

In other words, either she must give up her birth-control campaign or he must give up his deanery. The problem to be discussed and solved in three acts is: which?

DURING the progress of the play, a domestic diversion is introduced by Bob (David Markham), the vicar's son by his first wife. Like his stepmother, Bob is a keen propagandist, his youthful mission being, as a pacifist, to save both souls and bodies. For trying to convert soldiers to a belief which Mr. Ervine condemns as woolly-minded, he is sentenced to one year's imprisonment, which Mr. Ervine condemns as brutal.

Although one shrinks from a prevailing implication that anyone who does not agree with Mr. Ervine is necessarily mutton-headed, the course of action in this part of the play is reasonable and probable. What happens is what would happen. There is no fairy godmother with a magic wand to hey-presto an escape from real-life difficulties.

BUT in the case of the vicar and his wife, a fairy godmother is called in at the eleventh hour. Miss Orley (Edith Sharpe), a parish worker, has long loved the vicar in silence. In Act I. she has warned us that she is comfortably off. The birth-control clinic needs, even more than the vicar's wife, £5000. That £5000 Miss Orley will donate to the clinic if the vicar's wife will leave it.

So a general problem of considerable interest is jettisoned in favour of a personal problem, which might be of equal interest if there were any deep exploration of character. Miss Evans vitalises the vicar's wife with a performance of astonishing (yet expected) breadth, humour and tenderness. But it is the problems raised, not the people involved in them, that invite our attention.

Sketches of "Robert's Wife" by Rouson

A celibate priest: Robert Holmes

But Robert's wife, M.D., stands alone: Edith Evans

THE acting all round is capital. Mr. Nares has little chance to be more than considerate and bothered as the vicar. Ann Farrer has a thankless task as one of those clean apologies for practical girls of the younger generation one meets so rarely anywhere but on the stage. But Edith Sharpe as the fairy godmother, David Horne as a bishop, Margaret Moffat as a needle-minded cottager, and Margaret Scudamore as a soft and foolish lady with much money and no brains all make the most of the excellent opportunities Mr. Ervine gives them.

And the play will run. If it does not make you think, it makes you think you think. Which is one of the secrets of West End success.

JUST a word on the Habima Players at the Savoy. Their acting is terrific. Their presentation is incomparable. They are the most exciting event of the autumn. You will just have time to see them after reading these lines. Make the most of it. They may not come back again for years.

Mougins, the little walled town that gave its name to a famous Riviera golf-course

The Riviera—Where There Is No Winter

By Pamela Murray

In Scotland, where there is winter all the year round, shooting lunches are swallowed on the "bieldy" side of the dyke, but on the Riviera, with the Alps, the Estorils, and the Rock of Monaco as windscreens, you can eat anywhere (Quinto's is specially sheltered) at any time ("he frequently breakfasts at four o'clock tea and dines the following day"), while a mistral blowing from indignant, indigo Mediterranean (the name is about to be changed to "Mare Nostrum" by order of Il Duce) only drives him and her into the Casino, where no "courant d'air," or current of fresh air, penetrates.

That is what they mean when they say the atmosphere has not changed at Monte Carlo since before the war. Actually, it is all horse feathers to assert that Monte Carlo is pre-war, or post-peace, or anything except its giddily ornate, non-stop self; noiseless amusement park, where the roulette-wheels spin perpetually and the inhabitants have only one calling from the cradle—"les monégasques sont nés croupiers," intones Sacha Guitry in *Le Roman d'un Tricheur*, bewitching advertisement for the Principality. That shot in the Hotel de Paris lift should decide thousands of lonely ladies to try the Riviera once again—land of romance framed in mimosa, of well-fried fish, of still finer fish in the Monaco aquarium, of retired literary gents—Maugham and Michael—of social royalties—the Grand Duke Boris, the superbly tailored Prince Andrew of Greece—of elder hostesses like Mrs. Vigo Hansen, and younger bloods like Lord Queensberry.

You never know who will turn up, which is exciting, or what will turn up, which is expensive, unless you happen to be clairvoyant, in which case the bank is broken and General Pierre Polotsov strokes his silver moustaches twice—a sign of emotion when chance goes against the Sporting Club in a big way, as it did several times last season.

There is healthy rivalry between spotlit Cannes and Monte Carlo, which both have night lives (Les Ambassadeurs and the Knickerbocker); also between Nice and Mentone, bigger but quieter towns which, nevertheless, arrange full schedules of entertainment, including goodish music occasionally "du premier ordre," plays, lectures, lots of tea-parties (the scones at one establishment out-bannock Pitlochry), films, tasty gossip, easy golf, and every inducement to spend a long winter far from the beige cliffs of Dover.

The Colonel Blimps prefer one place to another, citing with emphasis the perfection of their three-minute breakfast eggs, or the unexpected strength of the marmalade ("Remarkable in a dago country, don't ye know"), but for less bigoted visitors the Riviera's resorts are all attractive in different ways. You may stay at Monte Carlo because you like sitting up late, or you may select Mentone for the opposite reason; Cannes for polo; Beaulieu for tennis; San Raphael for golf — you will certainly want to see something of them all.

There is nothing cramped about the coast, with its back-cloth of operatic scenery, its variety and the ease with which you can lunch in one town, dine in another and play backgammon at somebody's villa in between. For those who can't take cars, there is an everlasting bus chain and a superb new "autorail" between San Raphael and Ventimille, along what an Edwardian Riviera-ite has christened "the casino fringe or septic belt." There is also the possibility that Sir Hugo de Bathe, who lives at Vence, will swoop down and give you a lift on the Corniche at 150 kilometres an hour. If you protest at the speed, this handsome veteran says: "It 's all right if you know how"—which applies to most things, including murder.

After several Riviera seasons I have come to the conclusion that tourists—notably the British—lack enterprise; omit to tour. They follow each other to the famous eating-houses, the romantic Château de Madrid, where millionaires and Mr. Hore-Belisha perch on the rocks at Eze; the Reserve at Beaulieu; the Carlton and Malmaison in Cannes; that quaint place in Cannes Harbour; that little fishy place at Antibes; the adorable seaside restaurant on Cap Ferrat and the sunny terrace of Cap Martin Hotel; several favourites in Nice and occasionally to the Colombe d'Or at Saint Paul, mountain colony of artists, writers, dancers and peasants (there are a few peasants left), where the view is improbable, ever changing and divine.

But on the whole visitors stay on the level, straying to the golf clubs (Mandelieu has excellent plain fare and Mougins lush omelettes), while the villa crowd, the nucleus of Riviera society, stays home—and what homes!

Nothing could be more Palm Beach, Fla., than Beatrice Cartwright's "Casa Estrella," all white patios and orange blinds; while the Beaumonts, the Cholmondeleys, Doris Orr-Lewis, Maurice Chevalier (rarely there), Maxine Elliot, Edward Molyneux (who almost always lets), Mrs. Walter Russell, Vivienne Woolley-Hart, the Burtons, Lady Norman, Freddie Lewisohn, Mr. Goldman, Lady Bearsted, Lady Hadfield (both on Cap Ferrat), the René d'Estainvilles (Cap Martin), Antoine Sala, Eldred Curwen, and the Sherfesees, who had the same architect as Somerset Maugham (whom so many people he has never seen call "Willie"), are part of the "villarchy." Princess Ottobono, Sir Victor Sassoon's sister, owns a palace above Monte Carlo, the young Freddie Procters

Riviera Flower-Girl

Her stand is opposite the Carlton Hotel in Cannes, her dress is Provençal, her hat St. Tropez

Lady Norman at Clos de la Garoupe

Clos de la Garoupe, which Lady Norman has let to the Hartmanns, is the dower house of her brother, Lord Aberconway's, Château de la Garoupe, at Antibes

Mrs. Goldman in Her Villa Garden

The Goldmans' villa above Cannes has the finest garden on the coast, covering many acres of terrace

(Eddie Goulding's sister) a cottage at Cannes where singing fork-suppers are fun.

But there are more things in life by the waveless ocean than the Carlton Bar—gay and polyglot as it Cannes be—and I advise the able-bodied to try ski-ing. It is not at all bad, and the higher the better, as well as the fewer. A ski-ing expedition to Beuil should lunch at Guillaume on the way, where the cooking is exquisite.

The old walled town of Entrebeau makes another worth-while outing, with mediæval drawbridges and Vauban fortresses for antiquaries. Nor can you possibly miss the food at Escranolles, about three-quarters of an hour's drive into the hills behind Cannes. The trout and baby lamb are superlative, the wayside setting simplicity itself.

Another nice day out is Sainte-Maxime, with lunch at Les Sardineaux, easily spotted because the picturesque proprietor has painted his house several colours, with three sardines as sign.

A glorious drive hardly anyone knows of is to Moustiers Sainte-Marie, where they make pottery, by way of "le Point Sublime," where you get an amazing view of France's Grand Canyon called Les Gorges du Verdon. About two hours from Cannes (no doubt Sir Hugo does it in forty minutes), this satisfies even such as sniff at Niagara; the gorges being so deep and narrow that no one ventured down them until the 'eighties (enterprising decade!), when a man in a barrel went all the way through. Steps and gangways have since been cut, but it is still an adventure. Moustiers Sainte-Marie has a legendary Knight Templar who, born there and subsequently imprisoned during the Crusades, swore to the Virgin Mary that if she helped him to escape home he would dedicate his spurs to her. This duly happened, and you can see the spurs slung on a chain between two great rocks above a vast crevasse. The crooked church is interesting, too, and the air full of the rush of water and the champagne sniff of near and eternal snows.

Monsieur Paul Dubonnet

The Hon. Michael Scott

Paul Dubonnet and Michael Scott are two of the best golfers who regularly play on the Riviera. They were photographed at the Mougins Country Club

General Pierre Polotsov

The Russian ex-cavalryman runs the Monte Carlo Sporting Clubs, Winter and Summer. His wife is an artist

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 49

Herbert Morrison

To the uninitiated, it would appear a remarkable coincidence if two men of the same name succeeded one another as Prime Minister, each being representative of a different Party. To members of the House of Commons this appears by no means unlikely. This week I deal with the Rt. Hon. Herbert Stanley Morrison, P.C. Next week it will be the turn of William Shepherd Morrison, M.C., K.C.

Herbert Morrison is interesting because, less than eighteen months ago, he was still the Cockney Kid of the House of Commons. I do not suggest, because it would be inaccurate to do so, that he misuses his h's or g's or diphthongs; or in any other way has an accent not accepted by the B.B.C. Temperamentally, figuratively, and physically, however, he is the perfect representative of Bow Bells—in this instance of South Hackney. He is small; he wears a small quiff on his forehead. He began life as an errand boy, graduated from shop assistant to telephone operator, and thence to deputy newspaper circulation manager of a suburban sheet; became an M.P., an alderman, a J.P., a mayor, the Secretary of the London Labour Party, Chairman of the National Labour Party, and—in 1929—Minister of Transport.

Eighteen months ago, I repeat, he was the typical smart little clerk who smirked and made fun of the Tories—even on solemn occasions, such as the arraignment of—well, you know who. He then went to the United States. It must have been over there that he suddenly decided to become a statesman, the Cockney statesman. On his return, the House of Commons sat up suddenly one day and realised that he was the biggest man in the Labour Party. If I can put my finger on the spot, I would suggest that it was one night when he was making a sound, sincere speech on the unemployed who had—he said—no real stake in the country. At which a Tory shouted out: "Why don't they buy stocks and shares?" The House was aghast at this asinine interruption. The interrupter was clearly at Herbert Morrison's mercy. Herbert Morrison said very softly: "Marie Antoinette said they ought to eat cake," and went on with his speech. That was a perfect example of parliamentarianism. Herbert Morrison had scored without taking full advantage of his opportunity. And yet, by not apparently doing so, he had sunk his rapier into the heart of his opponent.

To-day it is no secret that Herbert Morrison is being schooled for the possible leadership of the new party of Liberals and Socialists, being the only man that the Liberals would serve under. In appearance he resembles something out of one of H. G. Wells's earlier novels. And yet he is among the seven best debaters in the House. I rank them as follows: Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Sir John Simon, Dr. Dalton, Sir Samuel Hoare, and Sir Archibald Sinclair. Herbert Morrison's voice carries well, without being metallic. He is clear-brained. And even when he is wrong he knows the weakness of his own case. He is shrewd all right. He looks occasionally comical and yet has a genuine dignity. He is gravely distrusted by Trade Unionists, who consider him a careerist (this is because he does not acquiesce in Labour leadership from behind; in the Labour Party everyone gives orders except the officers).

Herbert Morrison's attitude towards life is, roughly speaking: "I am against the rich. I do not want to dine with 'em. I don't intend to be a white tie politician. The rich have just got to give way." Yet, in his own way, he is a great patriot. His cockatoo hair, reminiscent of Arnold Bennett, waves like a grey oriflamme when he is in earnest. When he is hit hard in a debate his face lights up in a lop-sided smile of appreciation. Oh, yes, Herbert Morrison can take it. But can he hand it out in a really big way?

Charles Graves

Dr. B. Krön

Riviera Dryad Among the Cactuses

The End of a Dive—the Aeroplane Drops its Torpedo

With the Services (12)

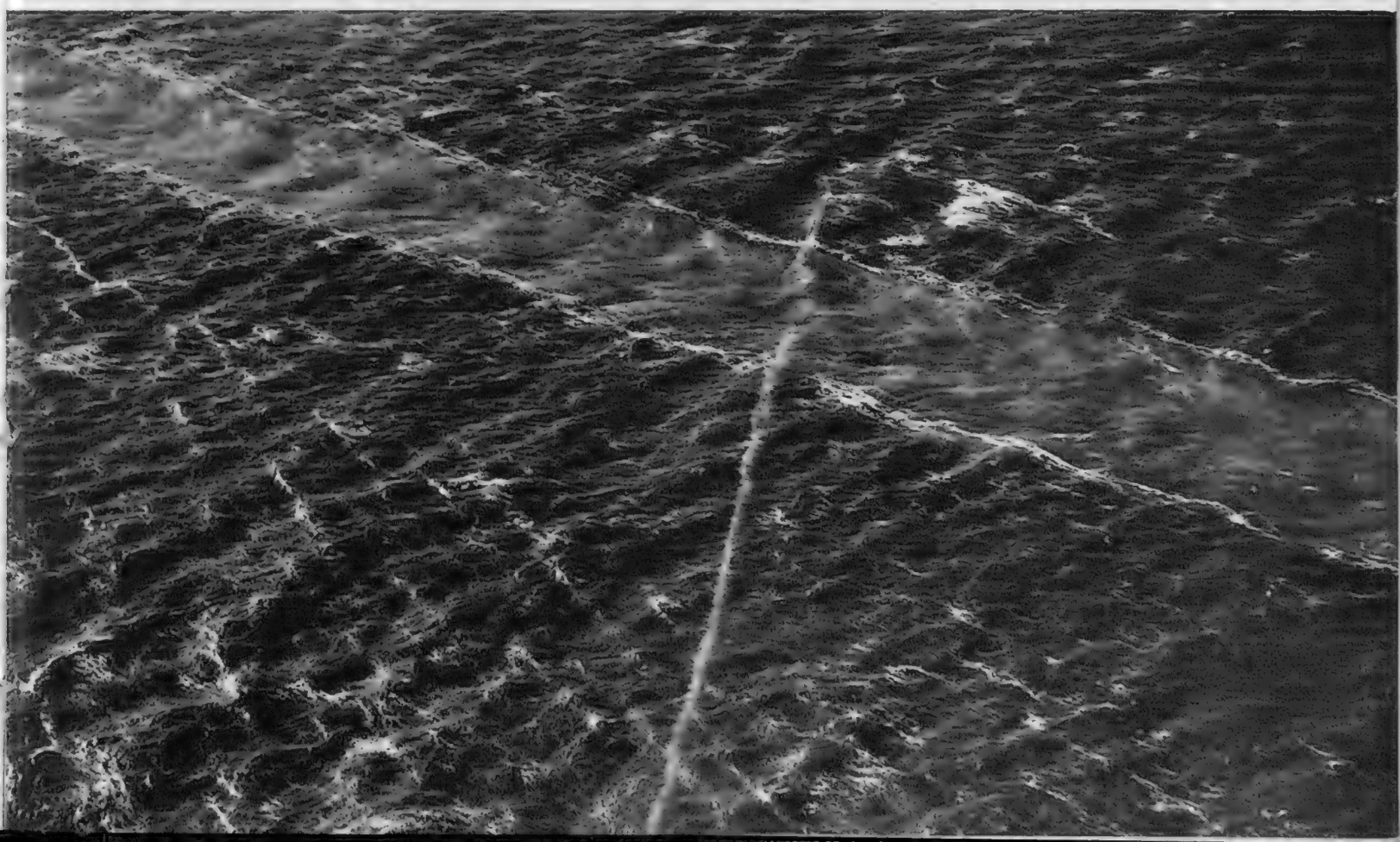
Aerial Torpedo Practice with the Fleet Air Arm (Part II)

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

Last week we published pictures of a squadron of Fairey Swordfishes setting out on an instructional flight in torpedo-dropping. Here is what they went out to do. From each side of the object of attack dives a flight of aeroplanes, and one after another they drop their torpedoes and wheel away in front of the ship they have fired at. They dive from whatever height tactical necessity has demanded they should fly at, to within an alarmingly few feet of the water. The torpedo must be dropped at just the correct angle, or it may "belly-flop" and break; at the moment of dropping, the aeroplane is most vulnerable to fire from the ship. The top picture on the right was taken during the dive from a hole behind the airscrew, where the photographer was substituted for the usual anchor. In the bottom picture on the right, ship and torpedo crossed each other's line much more nearly than their two wakes indicate. For practice, the torpedo moves thirty feet under water (some ten feet deeper than the draught of the ship it is aimed at), and bubbles rise slowly from that depth

The Object of Attack—H.M.S. Curacoa

Below: Wake and Wake—the Ship and the Torpedo



Anthony

Frederick Ashton—an "Apparitions" Study

Three Ashton revivals have given the present ballet season at Sadler's Wells its chief interest since the first production in London of Ninette de Valois' great work, *Checkmate*. *Pomona*, the neo-classical ballet Ashton composed for the Camargo Society seven years ago, came first, revised by the choregrapher, and re-dressed by John Banting. Then there was *Rendezvous*, gay and light, its simplicity deceptively masking its technical difficulties for the dancers, full of typically Ashton invention and choregraphic wit, and newly enchanting in the fresh delicacy of William Chappell's 1937 dresses and setting. Last night, *The Lord of Burleigh* was revived, after a lapse of some three years; Ashton has revised the choregraphy, and there are new dresses and décor by Derek Hill. After Christmas, he will have a new ballet ready, to music by Constant Lambert. This picture of him was taken in the costume he wears in *Apparitions*, one of the half-dozen or so ballets in which he appears, in small but important parts, as a dancer

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Mr. K. Fisher, Head Master of Oundle

Kenneth Fisher, M.A., Ph.D., is a scientist, and this is fitting in the head of a school whose science and engineering side employs almost as big a teaching staff as the classical and modern sides together. Born in Cheshire in 1882, he received a wide education at the hands of Manchester Grammar School, Oxford, Jena, and Manchester Universities. Then, twenty-four years old, he went to West Africa as a member of a scientific expedition and returned to take up schoolmastering at Clifton College. He remained there till 1919, with a four-year war interval as manager of a Brunner-Mond explosive factory, then went to Eton as senior science master. His headship of the school on the bracing Northamptonshire heights came in 1922. He has published several chemical papers, and his recreation is birds—he is a member of the British Ornithological Union

Rex Harrison on the Ground, Merle Oberon Mounted

Rex Harrison has been teaching his new leading lady to ride a bicycle; it is not only the fashion at Denham, but very useful for covering the miles that most people have to journey between set, make-up room, office and canteen. He and Merle Oberon are together in *Over the Moon*, a new technicolour, in which they are directed by William K. Howard, photographed by Harry Stradling, supported by Zena Dare, Ursula Jeans, Morton Selten. Both the stars have been busy lately: Harrison is playing his part eight times a week in *French Without Tears* at the Criterion; he has been seen on the screen in *Men Are Not Gods* with Miriam Hopkins; *Storm in A Teacup* with Vivien Leigh. Merle Oberon has just completed another technicolour with Laurence Olivier, *The Divorce of Lady X*, which has a charity premiere at the Odeon on January 4th. As soon as she 's finished her present part, workmen move into her Regent's Park house to build another story on to it

Jean Gabin as Pépél, Louis Jouvet as the Baron

"Underworld"

A French Film of Gorki's Story

Underworld won for its director, Jean Renoir, son of the great French painter, the highest film honour in France—the Louis Delluc prize—and also the Legion of Honour. The chief parts in this Maxim Gorki melodrama (*The Lower Depths* in its English dramatic form) are taken by Jean Gabin ("Pépé le Moko"), Suzy Prim, and Louis Jouvet. Its run at the Curzon began last week

Vladimir Sokoloff as Kostylev

Gabin as Pépél, Suzy Prim as Vassilissa

Films of the Day

What Did They Do Right?

By George Campbell

It is on record that Sam Goldwyn, after seeing seven golf balls in succession describe wild arcs and vanish in the tiger country, hit one straight down the middle and instantly demanded of his caddie: "What did I do right?"

The incident is considered a classic proof of Goldwyn's muddleheadedness. It seems to me to prove something rather different—Sam's knack—one might almost say genius—for getting down to brass tacks. They say his accent is humorous, his English grotesque, his ignorance abysmal. If only we had a few producers with Sam's brand of ignorance I should feel happier about our film industry. If only they would drop the "What's-wrong-with-British-films?" controversy, which has gone on for fifteen years and got us precisely nowhere, and concentrate, instead, on the men who make successes. What, in other words, did they do right?

Take *Underworld*. Here is a French picture based on Maxim Gorki's novel. It cost, at a rough guess, £25,000—and if any British producer had made it for £100,000 it would be hailed as a triumph. And *Underworld* is by no means unique. It is only one of half a dozen brilliant productions—*Mayerling*, *Roman d'un Tricheur*, and *Pépé le Moko* are others that spring to mind—turned out within the last eighteen months or so by French studios, impoverished, small and poorly equipped.

There must be a moral in this somewhere. Hollywood seems to think so, anyway, for Julien Duvivier, the man who made *Pépé le Moko*, is working there now. He and Jean Renoir, who directed *Underworld*, might just as easily have been snapped up by a producer here; but no—everybody's too busy moaning about bad business, and the meanness of Americans who don't want our bad pictures (as if they hadn't enough of their own), to bother about men who have proved that they know how to make good ones.

"Underworld" is the story of a group of down-and-outs—a thief, a ruined baron, a drunken actor, an eccentric with an accordion, a lady still wearing the neat black of an older generation amongst the tattered riff-raff, the avaricious old hypocrite who runs the dosshouse, his voluptuous wife, and her pretty younger sister.

Brilliant script work and firm direction keep all the characters in their place; each works out his destiny, and if sentiment, of an oddly conventional bourgeois kind, creeps in more than you would expect in a story by the greatest writer of Red Russia, the composite picture should be realistic enough to suit anybody. The thief reforms, as thieves sometimes do, and goes off with the nice younger sister; the unpleasant old dosshouse-keeper is killed by his infuriated lodgers after he has beaten up the heroine; the drunken actor hangs himself; the old lady dies, with no more effect on the life of the house than the falling of a withered leaf; and the baron goes on playing cards, for kopecks now instead of thousands of embezzled roubles.

Again and again M. Renoir's direction shows flashes of dramatic insight and subtle, highly original comedy; and the acting is uniformly brilliant. Jean Gabin, so powerful as the gang-leader in *Pépé le Moko*, reveals a gift for light, almost whimsical, comedy, but is strong enough when he has to be; Suzy Prim, always a dominating figure, exudes menace as the hero's blowsy, discarded mistress; and Vladimir Sokoloff contributes a memorable study of the dosshouse-keeper, something between Fagin and Uriah Heep. Louis Jouvet, the swindler of *Mister Flow*, brings a strong personality and a very individual manner to the rôle of the baron, even if it is not always exactly the manner you would expect of a Russian aristocrat.

There is no more sensitive and subtle actor in the world than Leslie Howard. Generally he is compelled to suffer through eight reels, and die exquisitely in reel nine. In *Stand-in* he has a chance to remind us what a brilliant comedian he is. A shy, academic young financier, he is sent out from New York to Hollywood to take charge of a bankrupt studio, and immediately finds himself involved in a whirlwind of reception parties, drinking-parties, petting-parties, and other parties such as no nice young financier would want to be mixed up with.

A good-hearted young stand-in—a stand-in being the person who takes a star's place while costumes are being tried, lights and cameras adjusted, and so forth—takes pity on him, and in her boarding-house he begins to get an idea of the way Hollywood lives, thinks, and works. The man across the passage keeps trained seals in his bedroom. The living image of Abraham Lincoln, complete with whiskers, hat and coat, greets him in the hall with the sonorous words, "For eight years I have been waiting for my chance, and when it comes it will find me ready," promptly forgets Lincoln's Gettysburg oration, and retires in dismay to study the part he will never get. A mother drags in a wretched child (one of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic) who gives an appalling imitation of Shirley Temple. "Who is Shirley Temple?" asks the hero. "Oh, well" (as they gape at him), "it's not important."

The writing, direction and acting are all witty, and the satire quite devastating. No one who has seen *Once in a Lifetime*, *A Star is Born*, and now *Stand-in* can deny Hollywood that highest form of humour which is able to laugh at itself.

Changed Men—Humphrey Bogart and Leslie Howard

In "Stand-in" Humphrey Bogart—is there a film he's not in?—has switched from gangsterdom to honest, brilliant if intoxicated film magnateship, and Leslie Howard from the wistful romantic hero to a Harold Lloyd-ish figure of fun. This new mockery by Hollywood of Hollywood has Joan Blondell as the girl in the story, Tay Garnett as director, and the Tivoli as its London home

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Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A SHOWER of gold medals has suddenly descended on the literary boys, who aren't used to it. The *Sunday Times* began by issuing one, of a chaste design, to each of the most distinguished of Apollo's children, in its opinion, in four branches of Letters. (One of these, Robert Lynd, whose witty and delightful essays, signed "Y. Y." have for years mitigated the horrors of one of the highbrow weeklies, certainly deserves it.) But when the young Left-Wing Freudian poet, Mr. W. H. Auden, Bloomsbury's sweetheart, got a gold medal from the King in person a few days later, not only the literary boys sat up and rubbed their eyes. Mr. Auden had been chosen for the King's Medal for Poetry by a committee of the Elder Brethren. The ceremony at Buckingham Palace was rapid, Mr. Auden told the Press afterwards. There were only three people there, the Poet Laureate briefly presented the Communist songbird to the King, and the whole thing was over in three minutes.

Except that there are at least five (5) better poets than Mr. Auden alive in England at this moment, nobody will grudge him his distinction. To us the affair chiefly affords an interesting light on the mental workings of the poor old Elder Brethren, who must have heard dimly that the smart thing nowadays, my dear, is to go Left, and that any poet who upholds our Western faith and civilisation is too, too screamingly quaint and vieux jeu. We don't wish the poor old clucks any harm, but it would serve them right if the angel-faces of Comrades Gollancz and Laski haunted their pillows nightly, from now on.

Fun Fair

ADMIRERS of Senator Oliver St. John Gogarty are disappointed with his turn in the witness-box during the hilarious Sinclair v. Gogarty libel case, involving a poem about "two Jews," in Dublin the other day. Dr. Gogarty was called by the plaintiff's counsel only, and merely for the purpose of establishing authorship. He certainly managed to glance briefly at Celtic folklore, and to say he thought his rhyme of "sesterces" with "mistresses" was pretty good (is it?), but what was wanted was one of those Gogarty disquisitions which are like an explosion at Brock's, a stream of fireworks popping off at every angle and in every direction without pause or intermission, Chinese crackers and Roman candles and Véry lights and Bengal fires and set-pieces all streaming and mingling and crackling at once, causing the dull-witted Saxon to retire from Gogarty's presence feeling as if a train had hit him.

"St. Bernard my eye!"

Many chaps we know yearned to be in Dublin for this case. The next best thing was the two-day résumé of it by Mr. Hickey in the *Daily Express*, who missed very little. It's a good thing it wasn't heard in London. The professional whimsies of the English Bar are about as airy as lumps of cold suet pudding, whereas at the Irish Bar they still preserve the traditions of an older day, histrionics and all. The show cost Dr. Gogarty £900, which might arride the odious George Moore, were he alive. Once in a train in Ireland, Moore said to Gogarty: "I'd give pounds to be able to stop and look at that view!" "Right," said Gogarty, and pulled the communication-cord (£5).

"So your little boy is going to Harrow?"

Consummate Tact Department

LORD RENNELL remarked very truly at an Anglo-Hellenic League dinner to the King of Greece the other night that nothing has shaken the attachment of the Greeks to Great Britain since we helped them to get their independence a hundred years ago (having, Lord Rennell might have added, but tactfully didn't, stolen their chief treasure, the Parthenon marbles, from them a few years earlier, by Turkish permission). Greek hero-worship of Byron is still an embarrassment to the average British traveller, who knows little or nothing of Byron except that he wrote poetry, had curly hair, and ran about with

(Concluded on page 376)

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C.F.H.

Standing By . . . (Continued from page 374)

girls. To the Greeks, Byron is the Hero-Poet personified, and masses of educated Greek citizens can recite his splendid verses about Marathon and Salamis and the Isles, and his love-verses to Zoë, each stanza ending in a line of inaccurate Greek ("Zoë mou, se agapo"), recently corrected by one of Compton Mackenzie's newest characters, and about time too.

King George of Greece, dilating on the cultural and other ties between us, was likewise too tactful to mention the Elgin Marbles. We ought, of course, to give them back. It was pure brazen theft. But, as everybody in the world knows, we never give anything back. Byron himself stormed and stabbed in vain. It 's just that old bulldog tenacity.

Smoke Signal

CIGARETTE-SMOKING, a recent Imperial Economic Committee report reveals, is steadily on the increase in this country, pipe-smoking on the decrease. This seems significant, pipe-smoking being the accepted sign in this country of rugged honesty and the integritous life, as some of the politicians and novelist boys realise when there are photographers around. Another significant fact we dug from the report is that cigars are practically unknown to the newest generation of smokers in Great Britain. This also shows that our civilisation is declining, and is on all-fours with all the other symptoms, such as the falling birth-rate, the steady destruction of beauty in town and country, and the reign of swamp-music.

You can buy a reasonably good Havana at the moment for the price of two 20's of the ordinary gasper, and out of that Havana a civilised palate can extract more satisfaction than out of a hundred cigarettes of any kind, in our estimation. For this reason we 'd be loath to see the British film industry go down the drain. We used to mix now and then with some of its big boys. Say what you like about their pictures, their cigars are good, even if, as sometimes happens, the better the cigar they give you, the more you 'll have to put up with when they get down to business. Once, however, you 've got the idea firmly fixed that whatever they do it doesn't really matter, you can enjoy the aroma of a fine Havana with a single mind.

Loony-Bin Blues

AFTER glancing briefly round the latest Surrealist exhibition to hit town—it 's odd how seriously those boys keep up their rancid little jokes, for all the world like mental cases—we saw that a huge, depressing canvas, 8 ft. by 5½, entitled "Gloom of Idwal," the work of Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the eminent Victorian R.A., had been sold at Christie's for, roughly, ninepence a square yard. Herkomer designed all those pseudo-Druid costumes they wear at the Welsh National Eisteddfod, and it isn't for us to question his motives, though a cynical composer we know, who once had to put on one of Herkomer's green druidic nighties at an Eisteddfod to receive a Bardic Prize, gave us several explanations, mostly unsuitable. Even then we hold Herkomer to be of more importance to Art—he could draw, for one thing—than any surrealist, and that ninepence a square yard made us sad, especially as the purchaser said he would probably paint in the village blacksmith and a few chickens (it 's a mountain scene) to brighten everything up. It seemed to us, fresh from looking round the surrealist loony-bin, that even the dullest and most obsolete old Victorian bore who ever twiddled a brush deserves some sort of respect. For at any rate he was a grown-up, and had a mind, and had learned technique of some sort, and had some sort of realisation of the painter's problems; whereas, to glue a few corks and bits of glass haphazard on an ash-can, finishing off the ensemble with a dead fish and half a bicycle-pump, and calling it "Erotik" or "Azimuth," requires little concentration, in our opinion.

Ninepence a square yard is absurd, in any case. Anybody would think a Victorian Academician's canvas was so much linoleum. It certainly isn't, we hear from an artist bloke who once covered half his studio floor with one. Linoleum wears 200 per cent. better.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Just because you've run out of stuffing, there's no need to look at me like that"

Celebrities

Viscountess Harberton

Lady Harberton paints under her maiden name, Fairlie Harman ; she has an exhibit, "View Over Monte Carlo," in the Goupil Gallery Salon, at the opening of which she was photographed

Prelude to Romance: Miss Heycock and Prince "Bira"

Prince Birabongse of Siam worked on this portrait of his fiancée some time before their engagement was announced. She is Ceril Heycock, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. P. R. Heycock

Georges Duhamel and His Flute

Right: Georges Duhamel, author of that wonderful novel "Salavin," is deeply interested in music and an amateur flautist of much enthusiasm. His greatest work, "The Pasquier Chronicles," was published in English last week

Lucien Pissaro and His Daughter

Lucien Pissaro was one of the art-world celebrities at the Goupil Gallery Salon opening. Camille Pissaro's son is a painter and engraver, and a naturalised British subject. His daughter, Orovida Pissaro, was with him

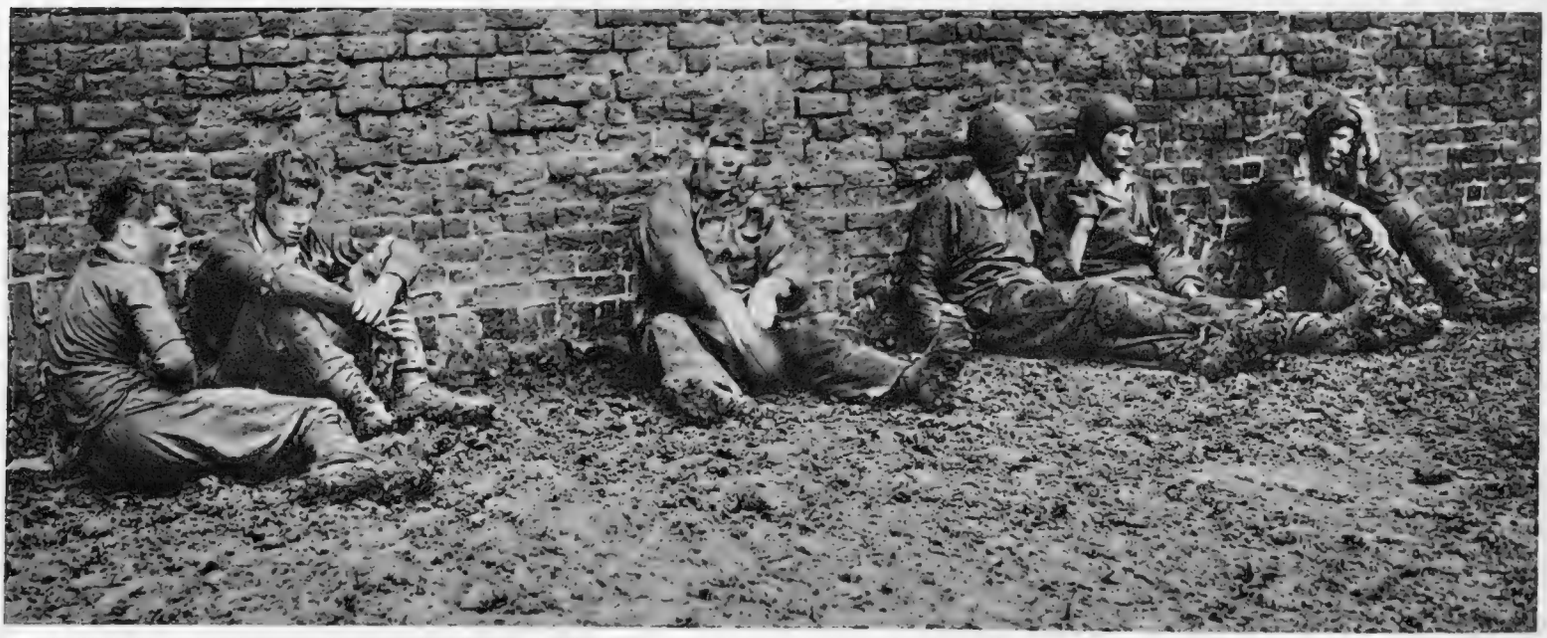
Hermione Baddeley and Oriel Ross

Right: Oriel Ross (Countess Poulett) is holding her first exhibition of drawings at the Storran Galleries. She and Hermione Baddeley are both rehearsing in a new play called "The Man from Abroad"

The Wall is on the Right, the Good Calx Goal (a Door) Can be Seen in the Background

Back to the

The most important day after the Fourth of June in the Eton calendar was a miserable one, but it didn't damp the ardour of O.E.'s, Oppidans, Collegers and their relations. The Wall match —ninety-seventh of its series— resulted in the thirty-fifth pointless draw, although Oppidans pressed hard, buckled the College bully and twice got into Calx. The mud was simply terrific



Players in the Bully at the Wall Soon Took on Protective Colouring

R. J. Brewis, Keeper of the College Wall—which means Captain of Games amongst the seventy King's Scholars—walked back from the game with his mother

G. T. Parr, K.S., and Lord Ednam, K.S., walked back with the latter's father, Lord Dudley. Lord Ednam was in the College side last year, when Oppidans won by six shies to nothing, making the score to date: Oppidans, 32, Collegers, 30 wins

Land

Eton College at Home: But St. Andrew's Day Gave a Wet Welcome to Spectators of the Wall Game

Below: Miss Elizabeth Wellesley and Lady Rose Paget braved St. Andrew's weather; the latter's young brother, Lord Uxbridge, is an Etonian

Below: the Earl of Dalkeith was host to his mother, the Duchess of Buccleuch—

—and Mr. D. Mond was host to his mother, Lady Melchett, who wore a waterproof hat

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Ladies in Trouble

I DID not, during this year, have many opportunities of watching our leading lady golfers play, but in the Worplesdon Foursomes I did see nearly all our best lady players in action, and was struck very forcibly by how badly they all played when bunkered, and especially when bunkered near a green. They seemed to possess only two types of bunker shot. The first hits the ball for six, and the second hits it hardly as far as the modern county batsman when he plays back to a half-volley. In short, they either hit the ball much too far or leave it approximately where it was. At Worplesdon I asked a lady of my acquaintance, with all humility, if lady golfers always played bunker shots as futilely as they were nearly all playing them at Worplesdon, and got a flea in my ear and the reply that "When we play with each other we do not go into bunkers."

This does not appear to any sensible man a very sound reason for not being able to play out of bunkers. The fact that you never have a fire is a very poor argument against insuring against fire, and one which may prove extremely expensive.

WHEN I had been dismissed in disgrace by my lady friend, I came across an elderly gentleman who has played golf for England and who has a sound and very extensive knowledge of the game. I said to him: "Why is it these good lady golfers never seem to play a decent shot out of a bunker?" He replied: "That is obvious. They are not, poor little things, strong enough, and a shot from a bunker usually requires a certain amount of brute strength." I immediately quashed this argument by saying: "But Miss Jessie Anderson is one of the best players—male or female—out of bunkers." Miss Anderson is not very tall—in fact, to her personal friends she is known as "Wee Jessie," and although she is strong for her size, she is strong only as the race-horse is compared to the cart-horse. To my last remark my friend replied: "Yes, but Miss Anderson is a real golfer."

Miss Anderson is the best lady golfer I have seen this year. It is hard to understand how so small a girl can hit the golf ball such a very long way, but if you watch her very carefully you will realise that she swings the club through a very wide arc; that she times the ball perfectly, and that she has perfect balance and a wonderful pair of wrists.

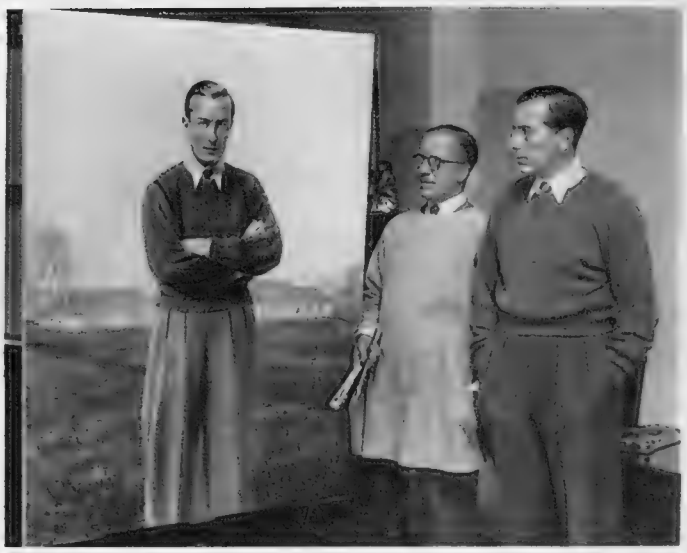
IT is no use anyone trying to persuade me that girls who hit the golf ball 250 yards with their drivers and brassies are not strong enough to remove balls from bunkers. So we must look elsewhere for reasons why bunker-play by lady golfers is not of such a high standard as the rest of their game.

I am sure the chief reason is that they imagine, quite incorrectly, that they have to hit hard, and consequently have an enormous body-lurch at the ball, with the result that they lose their balance and do not hit anywhere near the spot where they should hit. I feel sure another reason is that most of them use a dynamiter niblick, a club which is nearly always so heavy that they cannot wield it with any accuracy. Also, and most important of all, many of them do not play the correct shot. They have little idea of how far behind the ball they should hit when playing an explosive shot, and often attempt to get the ball out by taking the club back a very short way and playing a half-hearted scoop.

If you watch Miss Jessie Anderson play from a bunker you will see her take almost a full swing, hit two to three inches behind the ball, and drive the club-head under the place where the ball lay, and then follow through as far as she does when playing a long mashie niblick shot off grass. She certainly plays her bunker shots firmly and with great determination, and no one can possibly say that there is anything half-hearted about them. She obviously concentrates on hitting the exact spot behind the ball which she intends to, and there is no sign of loss of balance due either to trying to hit too hard or to body-lurch, which nearly always go together.

WITHOUT doubt, when Miss Helme's instructional book appears the majority of lady golfers will benefit enormously by reading what she says about bunker play. Until then they will get very much better results if they watch Miss Anderson in a bunker, and try to copy her methods. It is not at all strange to me that the best two lady golfers are also the best two lady players out of bunkers. On the other hand, at Worplesdon, I was very much impressed by the brassy play through the green by ladies, and especially by their long wooden club play when the green was within range. They seem to hit these shots both more easily and more accurately than men do.

Still, I shall say to the next lady golfer who tells me how much better with a brassy women are than men, "When we first-class men golfers play with each other we never get a brassy shot." Some may think that the "we first-class men golfers" is not strictly correct, but the remainder of my answer is certainly true. It is only in mixed foursomes that men have to play any appreciable number of shots with wooden clubs through the green.



Henry Cotton's Portrait

It was presented to him at the dinner given in his honour by the Langley Park Golf Club at the Dorchester last Saturday. It was painted by Mr. J. A. A. Berrie, who is a member at Langley Park

Cambridge Lost the Term's Last Match in a Fog at West Hill

G. Morton (St. John's) and R. B. How (Trinity) had D. H. Yorath and H. N. Clapham as their West Hill opponents. The Club players had a big advantage owing to fog, and won this foursome by 2 and 1

Capt. H. S. Garratt, J. M. Stewart (Trinity), G. D. Roberts and E. S. Browne (Clare) met in both foursomes and singles. In the former, the undergraduates won; in the latter, one won, one halved

This England . . .

Sedgemoor—Somerset

THE countless lovers of Lorna Doone will remember how John Ridd was confused upon Sedgemoor, and between dyke and darkness ne'er found the battle. Macaulay, writing of that same pitiful combat notes: "It is by no means unusual to find farmers who cultivate the same lands which their ancestors cultivated when the Plantagenets reigned. The Somersetshire traditions are, therefore, of no small value to an historian." But this is surely true of all Englishmen, whether they stay in one place or wander the earth: they carry tradition with them. Is it not, at bottom, the tradition of great English brewing (so instantly appreciated) that has made of Worthington a national beverage, where once it was the benison of but a few thousands in the Midlands?

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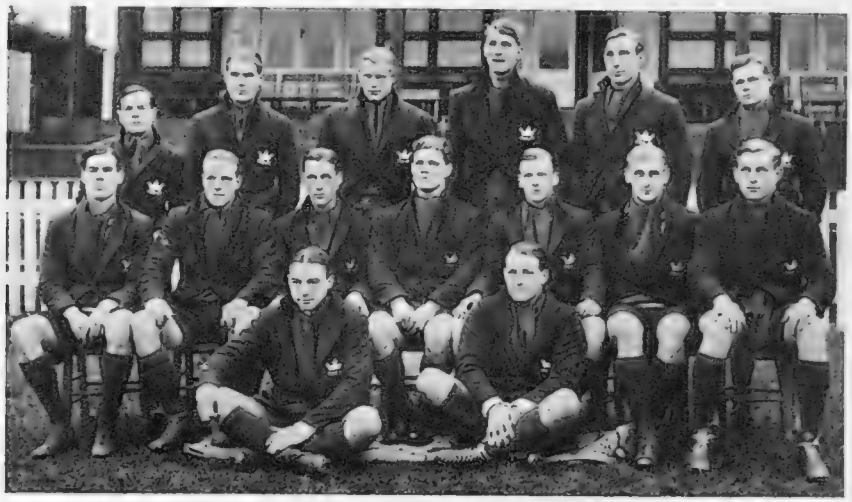
Richardson and Grimmett Sign a Bat

A "Testimonial Match" was played in honour of V. Y. Richardson and C. Grimmett at Adelaide, in appreciation of their services to cricket. Afterwards they autographed a bat — Grimmett holds the pen here

Charles and Pat Ashton, twins, are this season's Joint-Masters of the Christ Church Beagles, the College's private pack.

Below: The Dark Blue XV. at Twickenham was (standing): I. H. Watts, F. M. M. Forster, D. G. Coles, P. K. Mayhew, R. G. P. Almond, P. Cooke; (sitting) W. N. Renwick, C. T. Bloxham, H. D. Freakes, J. A. Brett (captain), M. M. Walford, A. Obolensky, R. M. Marshall; (on ground) H. H. Pennington and R. A. Cooper

Howard Marshall on Sport



Yesterday's Rivals: Oxford (above) and Cambridge

I HAVE had the pleasure of meeting a mixed bag, so to speak, of sporting personalities this week, among them Henry Cotton, Patsy Hendren and Dr. Pelican.

You may not have come across Dr. Pelican, who is the President of the Czechoslovakian Football Association, and a most interesting character at that. I did not see him after the match last Wednesday between Czechoslovakia and England, when England won by 5 goals to 4; but I doubt whether the result made any difference to him whatever. He is a man of invincible modesty, which is possibly a Czechoslovakian characteristic; and what interested me most was the profound respect with which he spoke of English football. He even went so far as to say that he was enchanted to be in the country which is regarded by all European nations as the home of the sporting spirit—those are his own words.

It is odd how this tradition persists on the Continent. It may even be true, though I sometimes doubt it, that our attitude to games is rather less solemn than that of our European friends. All the more reason, therefore, that we should cling to our reputation. I should hate to think that the Dr. Pelicans of the world might ever be disillusioned.

IN a way, Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Rait Kerr's views on cricket, as expressed to the county secretaries last week, are analogous. Colonel Rait Kerr emphasised the fact that "what the public want to see is the character and art of the game maintained, and I am certain that this is not to be done by tampering with the laws."

In other words, when we have found a good thing we should be wise to stick to it instead of trying to change it out of all recognition in our search for the spectacular or the sensational.

I like the conservatism of our cricket authorities, though I wish they had agreed to five-day Test matches. The more I think of the recent decision to curtail the hours of play without extending the period, the more unfortunate it seems to be. Since

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Left: The Light Blue XV. at Twickenham was (standing): C. L. Newton-Thompson, P. J. C. Bateman-Champain, P. A. R. Lindsay, J. A. Macdonald, W. H. Roden, E. L. A. Folker, K. D. Downes, T. R. Parry: (sitting) W. B. Young, W. O. Chadwick, J. D. Low (captain), J. G. S. Forrest, F. M. N. Heath; (on ground) E. D. E. Reed and R. B. Bruce Lockhart

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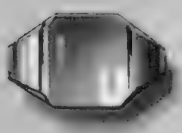

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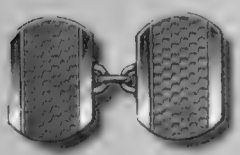

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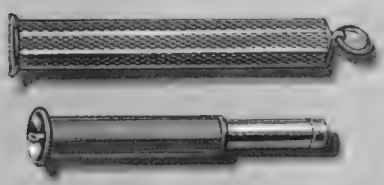

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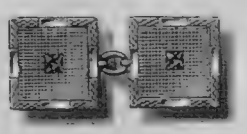

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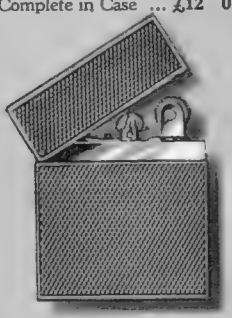

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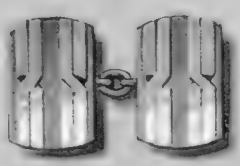

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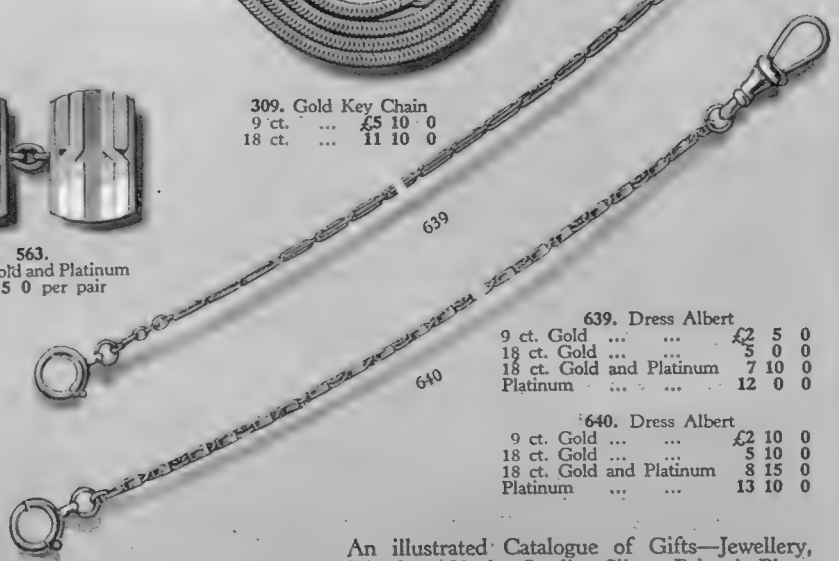

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Golf on the Grand Scale

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

PROBABLY the most important news of the week is the announcement by the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* of their tournament for lady golfers. The label "National" which has been attached does not seem to be a vain one, nor the claim that nothing on so large a scale has ever been attempted before. The dear-departed *Lady's Pictorial*, of which the BYSTANDER is some sort of a lateral descendant through *Eve*, of course celebrated the Coronation of King George V. with a tournament which took in players all over the kingdom and culminated at Stoke Poges. It was a very important and successful affair.

But the *Daily Telegraph* competition is more widespread even than that, for this begins with a qualifying competition in every English or Welsh affiliated club that so chooses, and the second stage is what was the *Lady's Pictorial* first—district competitions. And those, now I come to think of it, were never more than half a dozen a year: the *Daily Telegraph* runs into a round three dozen.

No; the *D.T.* has the *L.P.* beaten all along the line, and no sentiments of *de mortuis* can prevent one saying so. The club winners of an eighteen-hole medal-round in each division will proceed to one of the thirty-six district finals, and the thirty-six silver and thirty-six bronze winners in these will, in turn, proceed to the grand finale at Wentworth on July 20th.

THERE are prizes to be won in each division at all stages, and if gossip be true, clubs are taking up the idea with vast enthusiasm. Some which have never had much part in open competition golf are busy deciding whether a special date shall be set aside or whether, under the generous terms of the conditions, the qualifying shall be part of an existing medal competition: players who have let their handicaps lapse are hard at work with scores to get them back; not the most crowded of fixture-lists is, apparently, to stand in the way. No doubt it will swell the number of cards sent in for BYSTANDER spoons, but we will quietly lay plans in order to avoid complete submersion under their tens of thousands—we do already have these into four figures during the year—and not complain.

Winners at South Benfleet

Mrs. V. J. Froom and C. S. Denny, of Thorpe Hall, won the Essex P.G.U. twenty-seven-holes mixed foursomes at Bowers Gifford Club, South Benfleet. Their score was 79+35=114

ALL of which seems to show that the appetite of the woman golfer for competition play is still insatiable. When, if ever, will the high-water mark be reached? How many more new clubs will be formed, will affiliate? When I worked in the office of the L.G.U., rather more years ago than need be remembered, the number of affiliated clubs, if I recollect rightly, was about 500. It was an axiom of the Union then that entrance fees from new clubs joining for the first time must shortly cease. Yet the number of affiliated clubs now is nearly three times what it was in the days when I worked away in the basement of Whitehall Court, and still they come.

THIS is something quite definitely to be thankful for. Not merely for the affiliation, though that is for the good of them and of the Union, but because every golf-course saves a hundred acres at the very least from the clutches of the builder. Has it ever struck you how the golfers would miss the fresh air and exercise, the country sights and sounds, which surround them when playing golf, if all the courses were suddenly taken from them? Or how the health of the community, not all golfers by any means, would suffer if they lacked the open spaces provided in their midst by the courses? Golfers sometimes appear centred on their game, blind and deaf to all else, but I have an idea that somewhere or other down inside their mental make-up is a tremendous love of the country and outdoor life, which would starve—to their irreparable loss—if golf were taken away. They might, of course, turn to riding, walking, bird-watching, or even bicycling—anything to get them into the fresh air and so find salvation; if they didn't, I rather feel they would fade away and grad-u-ally die, as something does in the patriotic song. And that would be, to say the least of it, a pity, since there are so many extraordinarily nice people in the golfing world.

THE other topic causing gossip just now is this amateur status business. People are asking, rather pertinently, "Why this fuss over making money by writing about golf—whether instructional or not—when anybody may make money by being a golf secretary, a golf architect, by broadcasting on golf, or by any other of the things for which golfing knowledge is essential?"

The idea prevalent seems to be that teaching by individual instruction and being paid to play are the only two things which should cause loss of amateur status, because the amateur doing these things might take the bread out of the mouth of the genuine male professional.

And the other idea, even more emphatically expressed, is that the L.G.U. are quite old and wise enough now to frame their own definition of an amateur, on some such lines, and to appeal to the R. and A. only for interpretation of playing rules. Many believe that the R. and A. would welcome such a move no less than the more progressive women players. I do myself. What about you? Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

B. Hodson and Miss Wilkins

Hodson and Dorrit Wilkins were among the six pairs that suffered disqualification at South Benfleet because the ladies drove from men's tees: their score was 78+40=118

W. Hancock and Miss Hunt

Miss D. Hunt and W. C. A. Hancock came third in the Essex P.G.U. mixed foursomes, after the disqualifications, with a score of 80+41=121

A. James and Mrs. Ions

Mrs. N. W. Ions and A. James played together, at Bowers Gifford in the twenty-seven-holes mixed foursomes, when the best score of the day (R. Dailey and Mrs. A. M. Dailey's) was disqualified

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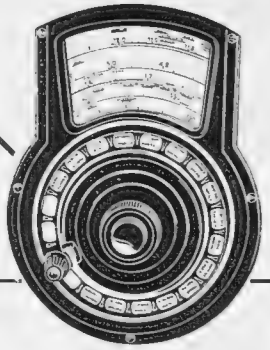

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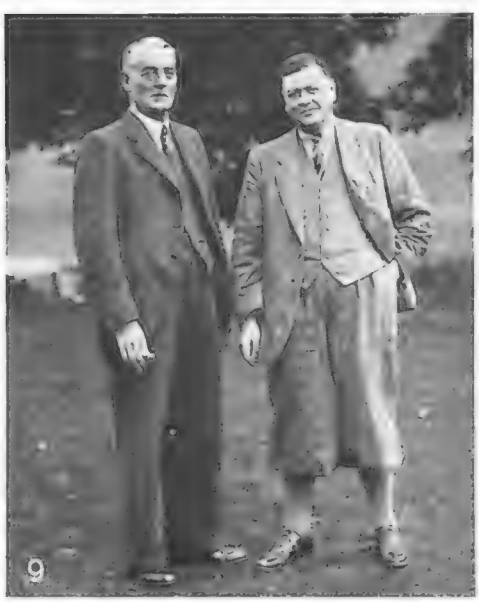
The Faversham Golf Club, situated on the Brogdale road three miles from the town which gives it its name, has a course that offers variety and beauty. It is playable throughout the year, barring snow or fog, and its chief hazards are trees and rabbit holes. The former—stately elms, oaks and beeches—flank many of the fairways and penalise heavily a pull or slice. The total length is 6100 yards



(1) Major Eric Wood (secretary). (2) Captain Eustace Neame (captain). (3) J. M. Telfer (professional). (4) W. C. Kendrick. (5) Jack East. (6) Captain E. N. Carr, M.C. (7) C. L. Watson. (8) E. H. Wix (ex-captain). (9) W. B. Holmes (ex-captain) and G. Sommerville (committee). (10) D. J. Branson, C. W. Rudgard, H. W. E. Barnby

The Rover Company Limited. Coventry, and Devonshire House, London.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The First and the Last of Barrie : By Alan Thomas

SEVEN years ago Sir James Barrie had privately printed for circulation among his friends fifty copies of a short memoir on his early struggles as a journalist and author. The book, which has now been published, is called *The Greenwood Hat*, a memoir of James Anon, 1885-1887 (Peter Davies ; 8s. 6d.). There is, I know, a number of people who can't abide what they call Barrie's "whimsicality." To these hardened anti-Barrieites I say : "Try on *The Greenwood Hat*." For this indeed is a charming book, and as Lord Baldwin suggests in a short preface, full of treasure. The method followed is to begin each chapter with an old article written by Anon (the pen name under which Barrie first wrote in the *St. James's Gazette*) and to follow it with a commentary of recent date. In Barrie's words the book "consists merely of some old newspaper articles tied together with a string of memories," ranging from the excitement he felt at seeing the title of his first article printed in noble letters on the *Gazette* placard to later recollections of Meredith, of Conan Doyle and Melba. Melba he never met till late in life : then finding they were both inmates of a London nursing home, he sent a message saying that he would like very much to go downstairs to see her if she would promise not to sing : and Melba replied that she would love it if he promised not to read any of his works to her. On that understanding they had a happy time together. There are memories, too, of his first introduction to the Savage Club. A kindly acquaintance "believed he could get Anon in," so took him along to the Club, put him in a room on the ground floor with padded seats, and having asked him to look more clubable, left him alone for a long time, occasionally sending down various friends to look him over and see "if he would do." The story is told as none but Barrie could have told it. And among the memories some secrets are revealed : how, for instance, Wendy got her name, and which hand *Dear Brutus* was written with, and why. These memories are, like most of Anon's articles, "tripped up by fancies." They re-create for us in Barrie's own inimitable way the trials and hopes of youth, the kindly, mellowed musings of old age.

IF you are looking for a good, up-to-date, interesting and thoughtful novel, read *The Black Virgin* by Mary Borden (Heinemann ; 7s. 6d.). I say this in spite of the fact that the plot itself never really succeeded in convincing me. It involved too great a number of improbabilities. There is a Christmas house-party—almost the whole action of the book is covered in forty-eight hours, Christmas Eve and Christmas Day—at the country home of an Under-Secretary of State. Among the guests are the host's mistress, the hostess's American boy friend (who has travelled ten thousand miles under the impression that he was going to carry off his lover in triumph to the South Sea Islands), and the hostess's hard-bitten and hard-up brother who has come to pump the Under-Secretary for secret information. . . . All of which, I suggest, verges on the improbable. But in this book the plot matters less than the people, and the picture which Miss Borden draws of English upper-class life, its strength, its weaknesses, and its place in the world of to-day. And how well can she describe a scene—a railway-carriage-ful of people, for instance, starting off on a foggy Christmas Eve for the country, or men talking after dinner over the old brandy. This is a book that captures the reader's interest on the first page and retains it to the last—one, therefore, to be confidently recommended.

In the Land of Green Ginger

"The Tale of the Land of Green Ginger" is versatile Noel Langley's latest book, a children's story which he has written and illustrated (in colour) himself : it tells of the adventures of Abu Ali, here seen with an acquaintance. Arthur Barker is the publisher

THE publishers say no more than the truth when they tell us that *The Horseman's Week-End Book* by Gordon Winter (Seeley Service ; 8s. 6d.) "mingles entertainment and instruction for the horseman." Within its three hundred or so pages it tells the reader everything he needs to know about horses, from veterinary treatment and first aid, farriery and feeding, to the horse in poetry and the games that can be played on horseback. And in between there are sections headed "Fact and Fancy" (which is an anthology on the Horse in Literature), "Wise Saws and Modern Instances" ("A horse," says the Novice, "is an animal dangerous at both ends and uncomfortable in the middle") and "A Dictionary of Breeds." There is even a glossary—with a blank space reserved at the end where the scholar may add a number of terms "most frequently heard used with reference to horses" but not included in these pages. A compendious and most companionable volume and, as a Christmas gift to horse-lovers, a winner. The care and judgment exercised in the compilation of this book seem to suggest that in the field of sporting literature Mr. Gordon Winter is himself a bit of a dark horse.

THE good ship Karnak with a bunch of Christie criminals on board might well have been re-christened S.S. Carnage. For on the trip between Shellal and Wadi Halfa no less than three of the party were successfully bumped off. How and why Mrs. Agatha Christie will tell you in *Death on the Nile* (Collins ; 7s. 6d.). Though credulity is stretched far beyond what, by every canon of probability and good sense should be the breaking point, nevertheless, the story is full of interest and excitement. To watch Mrs. Christie weaving the intricate pattern of crime or to observe Hercule Poirot separating all the threads —I don't know which is the more fascinating. In any case the most experienced and exacting of detective-story fans will scarcely guess the answer (before M. Poirot intends that he shall) to Mrs. Christie's latest poser. *Death on the Nile*, in fact, may well be classed as another riddle of the Sphinx.

AS the popularity of the Ballet increases, so also does the number of books produced upon the subject. The latest is a comprehensive work, over a thousand pages in length, entitled *Complete Book of Ballets*, by Cyril W. Beaumont (Putnam ; 25s.). It is a collection of the stories of the principal ballets of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, grouped together in chronological order under their choregraphers. Mr. Beaumont's main concern has been to describe the chief ballets which have had their first performance in London, Paris or St. Petersburg : but he has also included several ballets which have been put on for the first time in Moscow, Milan, Budapest or Vienna. Some two hundred ballets in all are described, including the more important productions of the modern English school and the latest Soviet ballets. It is a book to which lovers of the ballet will be constantly referring.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

With Christmas drawing so near, invitations to parties arrive by every post, and a feeling of excitement pervades the nursery. Father Christmas is a daily topic of conversation, and to the modern child the question of a new frock is of equal importance. Liberty's, Regent Street, specialise in fashions for the young, and have prepared an interesting catalogue which will gladly be sent free on request. They designed the peach-coloured chiffon dress worn by the tallest of the trio above. It is cut on simple lines with a full skirt, and periwinkle-blue smocking, the sleeves and collar being edged with frilling. A perfectly plain tailored buster suit in white satin with pearl buttons is the boy's choice, while the little girl, who is tugging at a cracker with all her might, is dressed in a charming Tyrolean frock of printed crêpe-de-Chine with a flower and bird design in gay colours on a white ground. These Liberty models can all be made to order, and vary in price

Dover Street Studios

The Party Spirit

Romance and history lie behind "Drambuie" liqueur, which was originally brought over from France in 1745, when Prince Charlie landed in Scotland. For a hundred and seventy-five years the secret of its preparation has remained in one family, while its excellent flavour has become world famous

Christmas parties will go with a swing if your cocktails are made with Booth's Dry Gin, so be sure to order several bottles for the house, and send your friends a case of six

If you want to be generous, send a bottle of Hennessy Cognac instead of the usual card of good wishes. It will last much longer and warm the hearts of all who drink it

Christmas would not be the same without champagne, and an excellent choice is Charles Heidsieck Extra Dry. Its delicate flavour inspires wit and gaiety in every guest, and ensures a successful evening

Clubland White Port and Golden Guinea Sparkling Muscatel always give pleasure, particularly when packed in these travelling cases. Three bottles of port cost 19s. 6d., while two of Golden Guinea with champagne glasses are twenty-one shillings

Those who remember the Chinese Exhibition at Burlington House, with its wealth of lovely treasures, will delight in a visit to Liberty's, Regent Street, where "objets d'arts" from all parts of the world may be seen. Many of these are depicted in their Christmas catalogue, which is in colour, and will be sent free to all who write for it. Collectors in particular, will appreciate the rare pieces of old Cloisonné and carved ivory ornaments, while Christmas shoppers will find numerous attractive presents

"Bystander" Short Story No. 116

The Diamond-Hunter

By Arthur Mills

Illustrations by Clark Fay

PETERS was a diamond-hunter. He taught me all that I shall ever know about the most exciting means in the world of making money, and I will set down what I learnt.

We met in a bar off the Avenido Rio Branco. He was so obviously an Englishman that we spoke at once. Later he gave me an envelope with his address on it—Captain Peters, D.S.O. He was staying at a cheap hotel in Rio and had recently come back from a prospecting trip in the Matto Grosso. The diamond-fields down there make a good hide-out for "tough guys," as the police never go after a man, even if he has committed murder. Peters was very funny describing the bad men he had met down there. He himself had been up in the Rio das Mortes district; he is the only man I have ever met who has been in the valley of the River of the Dead; that is the region where Colonel Fawcett disappeared.

On the trip Peters had found no stones of any value, and he was planning to go up to Minas Geraes. He asked me if I would like to go with him. I said that I certainly should. We sat around in bars all that day. Presently, in the same emotionless tone that he had described the professional killers down in the Matto Grosso and conditions in the valley of the River of the Dead, Peters told me about the Tiger's Eye. I 'll say here at once that the Tiger's Eye weighed, uncut, 178½ carats and 61½ carats after the workmen had been at it. It is a golden-coloured diamond that has been valued in London and Paris at £30,000, and is one of the finest specimens of its kind in existence. I have seen the stone in Boucheron's shop, Bond Street.

This is what Peters told me about the stone. He had been working on a small claim in South Africa before he came out to Brazil. The Zulu washing dirt for him called out: "Hey, Boss, look at this!" and held out a good-sized pebble in his palm. Peters said an expert could tell a diamond in the rough from a crystal by the sheen, and admitted he gasped when he saw what the Zulu was holding out. As a matter of form, he uncorked his rubber bottle of hydrochloric, tipped some in a saucer, and dropped the stone in. Hydrochloric will eat up any stone in the world except a pure diamond. The Tiger's Eye looked all the better for its bath. Peters said the stone was his property and he hadn't yet sold it.

Now I am trying to tell this story right. Here was I sitting in a cheap bar in Rio, with a fellow who owned a diamond worth £30,000, who had just come back from a fruitless expedition into the Matto Grosso, and who proposed we went on up to Minas Geraes.

I asked Peters why he hadn't sold the Tiger's Eye? He said he couldn't. It was a very difficult thing to sell a big diamond. There might be only two or three people in the world willing to pay all that money, and they might not want a golden one. As regards the dealers, he was up against the Kimberley diamond ring. That is the way things were, and that was why he was going on up into Minas Geraes; he had to have cash. We agreed to set off next day. Peters said he thought the district had been worked out, but he was just going to take a look at it.

We got up to a little town called Diamintina two days later. This was the capital of the diamond district. The area was worked out, sure enough. We found one Englishman who had been working on a surface mine for a year without getting enough stones to pay his expenses; his health was failing; he had such terrible garapato sores that he had to sleep in long boots to keep himself from tearing at his legs, and the only home he possessed was the shack he had built near the mine. His wife and two children shared the shack; they had a wheezy old gramophone as their sole amusement. I think the wife knew the venture was a failure, for after they had given us a cheery send-off, I happened to look back and saw tears in her eyes as she stood in the doorway waving to us.

"That is diamond-prospecting when it goes wrong," Peters said.

He asked me if I would like to go with him

"Hey, Boss, look at this!"

We went back to Rio empty-handed, as we expected.

SIX months later I ran into Peters in Piccadilly. He told me he was stopping at a boarding-house; his clothes were well-brushed but worn. He did not look any more prosperous than he had done in Rio. I asked him if he had done anything about the Tiger's Eye. He said the stone was not sold yet and asked me if I would like to see it. A famous London-Paris firm of jewellers had it at their shop in Bond Street. They were looking after the stone and, incidentally, holding it as security for £5000 Peters had raised on it. Then Peters told me about this £5000. He had not had a penny of the money. It appeared he had met a business man, who had asked him to stay at his house in the country for the week-end. Peters had gone down there and found a nice house and servants and plenty of signs of money. After dinner the business man had told him he needed £5000 capital for two or three days and Peters agreed to mortgage the Tiger's Eye for that amount. He had got the money and the mortgages, had handed over the stone to the Bond Street jewellers, who were holding it. A week afterwards the business man to whom Peters had lent the £5000 had gone bankrupt. Peters said he had felt awfully sorry for the poor chap; he had seemed a decent fellow, with such a nice wife and home and kids. Now he was ruined and, of course, Peters' £5000 had gone with him. But he still owned the balance of the value of the Tiger's Eye, which we were going along to see.

We went along to the shop. The manager gave Peters the kind of bow that the owner of a £30,000 diamond might expect. Only Peters was not exactly the owner; that £5000 mortgage had to be paid off before he could take the stone away. The manager unlocked a safe and took the diamond out. It was a grey winter's day. The manager held the stone with a pair of pliers, letting it catch whatever light there was. It was then I understood what people meant when they talked about diamonds "flashing." That diamond seemed to dominate the shop; it dominated the street; it dominated us. We felt that we were in the presence of something more than just a stone, something that was absolutely unique, beautiful and alive. It was easy to realise why women worshipped jewellery.

Peters stood there in his worn tweed suit, looking at the diamond. It was the big thing of his life; the one thing he had done. The thought that he possessed it had comforted him during the fruitless prospecting trips he had made in Brazil. He always knew that

(*Concluded on page* viii)

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

In the past three years we have seen private enterprise on the part of one or two Englishmen triumphantly challenge and rout established Continental supremacy.

That this little band of English enthusiasts has achieved this apparent miracle without any sort of outside assistance is remarkable, but the fact that in so doing they have benefited immeasurably the prestige of the British automobile industry (this country's third largest industry), and still no official recognition nor help has been accorded them, is a strange contrast to the government-subsidised teams of foreign racing cars whom they have met and beaten in their meteoric rise of their present domination of the world's 1500-c.c. class.

I refer, of course, to the activities of English Racing Automobiles, of Bourne, Lincs., whose destinies are presided over by Messrs. Humphrey Cook and Raymond Mays, both of whom started out as successful amateur racing drivers, and with whom Murray Jamieson, Reid Railton and Peter Berthon collaborated in the production of the first E.R.A. racing car in 1934.

Raymond Mays entered for the Mannin Beg Race in the Isle of Man that year, but trouble which developed in practice prevented the car from starting in the race.

In the late summer of that year, however, the E.R.A. scored its first success when Mays entered it for the Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb (an event in which he was already a specialist), and walked off with the fastest climb of the day in 44 seconds, following up this victory almost immediately with a win at Donington in the Nuffield Trophy race, at the convincing speed of 61·51 m.p.h.

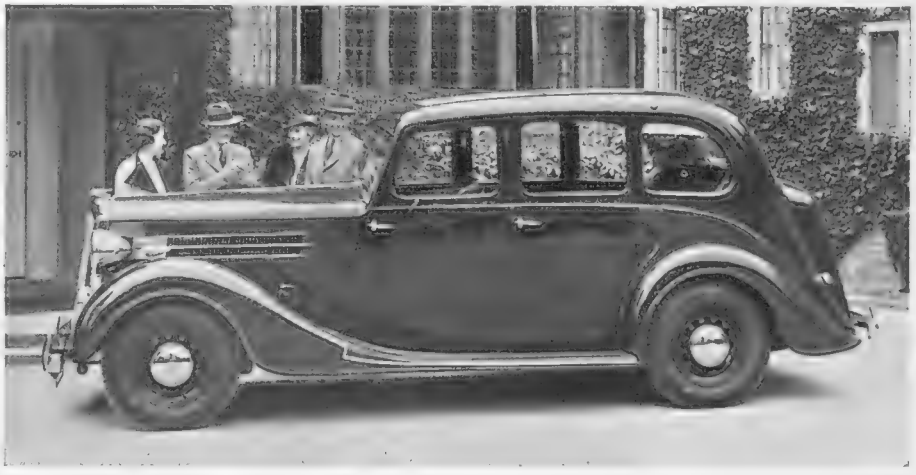
Since these impressive early beginnings, the E.R.A. has gone from strength to strength. In addition to an increasing number of race wins at home and abroad during each successive summer, Mays has annexed fastest time of the day at both Shelsley Walsh Climbs, in 1935 and 1936, while this year he again set up a new record in the Spring Climb, with 39·09 seconds, but was absent from the Autumn Climb, as this was held on a date which clashed with a race in which he competed successfully in Phœnix Park, Dublin.

In 1935, E.R.A. cars won four important races; the following year, a round half-dozen such victories fell to them while, during the past season, they have completely eclipsed the Italian Maseratis, which previously dominated the 1500-c.c. class, carrying off top honours in no fewer than fifteen wins in major races at home and abroad, in addition to capturing ten "places" in these same events.

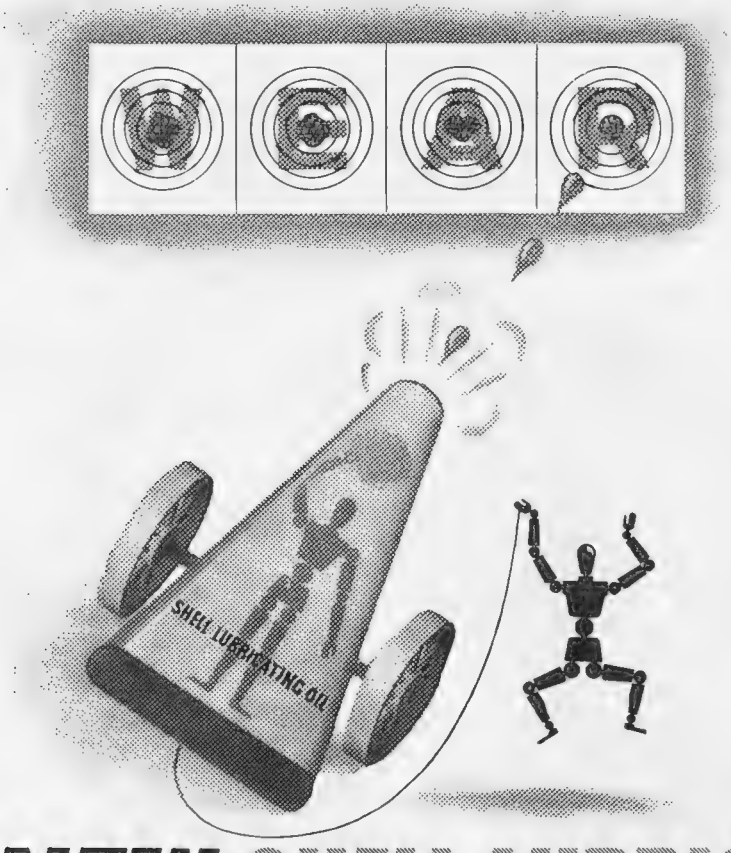
The late P. G. Fairfield started the ball rolling for them by winning both the South African Grand Prix and the Rand Grand Prix at Cape Town last January.

European racing started in April, and from then, until the season closed in October, not a single month went by without at least one important win for the marque—a wonderfully consistent performance. Their fastest track race was that won by

(Continued on page ii)



The new Wolseley Super Six is available in three horse-power ratings



WAR ON WEAR

The new Shell lubricating oil carries the war right into the enemy's camp; preventing dry-starting, which is known to be one of the most prolific causes of cylinder wear. It prevents wear because it is fortified with an exclusive oily compound which makes the oil cling to cylinder walls and bearings instead of draining off when the engine cools down. The new Shell oil remains on the cylinders to protect them from corrosion caused by products of combustion, and it makes starting easier because it eliminates the metal-to-metal friction which would otherwise occur when the engine is started from cold.

HUMBER, HILLMAN, SUNBEAM and TALBOT, after exhaustive tests, decided to use and recommend the new Shell oil exclusively.

Double Shell (medium) oil is officially approved by A.C., Armstrong-Siddeley, Austin, Bentley, B.S.A., Citroen, Humber, Hillman, M.G., Morris, Riley, Rolls-Royce, Sunbeam, Singer, S.S., Standard, Talbot, Wolseley, etc., in Winter. Single Shell (light) oil is the winter grade officially approved by Buick, Chrysler, Dodge, Fiat, Ford, Rover, Studebaker, Vauxhall, etc.

NEW SHELL LUBRICATING OIL PREVENTS DRY STARTING

Beautility

PSYCHE went sick at the sight of work Today she would break 60 as easily as Cupid's heart. Beauty for us is the beauty that has the saving grace of utility — BEAUTILITY let us call it. It is the major motif of our lives. We live it in our homes. We take it with us into our cars. Look at this Wolseley Limousine. Inside is the comfort and airy spaciousness of a "room" and a host of amenities that make this the most luxurious form of travel. Outside, graceful distinguished lines that cleave the air in hushed silence — now doing an effortless 75, now a smooth 5 — both in top, both with the assurance of power under perfect control. Beauty is as beauty does and the Wolseley Limousine both is — and does.

The Wolseley 25 h.p. Super Six Limousine costs £750 . . . Super Six Saloons from £380. All Super Sixes are available for "Owner Contact", an efficiency-maintaining service you should enquire about. Wolseley cars are fitted with Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass and Jackalls.

WOLSELEY

THE TRUSTWORTHY CAR

WOLSELEY MOTORS LIMITED, WARD END, BIRMINGHAM, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins, Ltd., Berkeley St., W.1 Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England

Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page 293*)

C. E. C. Martin at Avus, in Germany, at 119·6 m.p.h., and their fastest road race was the Phœnix Park Scratch Race, won by Mays at 102·90 m.p.h.

THE amount of good which comes from personal effort of this kind, when it benefits a country's prestige, cannot be over-emphasised. The foreign cars which these drivers have conquered have almost all been produced under a Government subsidy—and the mere fact that such subsidies are paid by other Governments must show the value placed upon successful competition by those countries concerned. Is it not high time that our motor industry—one of the wealthiest in the world—ceased to batten on one or two generous sportsmen, and subsidised a national team ?

We have seen examples of the most extraordinary philanthropy during the past year on the part of some of those whose wealth has accrued through the motor industry of this country. Is it too much to ask that one-fiftieth part of the sums lavished on such alien charities might be donated to the building and running of a national team of British grand prix cars ? Apart from the ethics of the thing, it 's sound business.

IN response to many requests from their clients for a thoroughly reliable high-grade cellulose coachwork polish, Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly, Ltd., the well-known firm of coach-builders, have now produced one of their own special manufacture.

Known as the Thrupp and Maberly cellulose polish, and in liquid form, this new lightning preparation is non-greasy and non-abrasive. It is exceptionally easy to apply, calling for a minimum of rubbing, and its use ensures a lasting, mirror-like gloss, whilst at the same time acting as a preservative for the cellulose bodywork finish.

Owing to the very simple and easy manner in which it is applied and worked, the polish should make a particular appeal to those owner-drivers who are in the habit of looking after their cars themselves. The price is 4s. 6d. for a large tin.

A NEW angle on the Sino-Japanese war is afforded in a letter received at Cowley from the Morris distributor in Shanghai.

It relates how those whose livelihoods lie in the city are struggling desperately against a background in which are mingled the dull booming of gunfire and the shrill whine of shells as they hurtle overhead on their missions of death and destruction, to maintain their business on as normal a basis as possible.

An excellent example of the indomitable spirit that characterises these men, who remain steadfastly loyal to their interests, is given in the letter when it states that, although some motor businesses have closed down, the writer is doing his best " to keep on giving service and doing whatever business may be had," and he records that he actually sold a Morris " Eight " when the city was being bombarded by shell-fire.

Of course, at Earl's Court, the salesmen only have to contend with a bombardment of stupid questions !

The Vauxhall 10-Four has ample room behind for two grown-ups and a child

A NEW RESTAURANT SHOW

On Thursday, 9th December

AND NIGHTLY AT MIDNIGHT

George Hale brings "Park Avenue to Park Lane"

AN ENTIRELY NEW SHOW TO THE SILVER RESTAURANT AT GROSVENOR HOUSE

THE FOLLOWING FAMOUS ACTS ARE INCLUDED IN THE CAST:

AMES & ARNO — Comedy Ballroom Dancers
BURTON PIERCE — Interpretation in Tempo
BILLY BENNETT — Almost a Gentleman

featuring THE GEORGE HALE GLAMOUR GIRLS

THE GROSVENOR HOUSE DANCE BAND directed by SYDNEY LIPTON

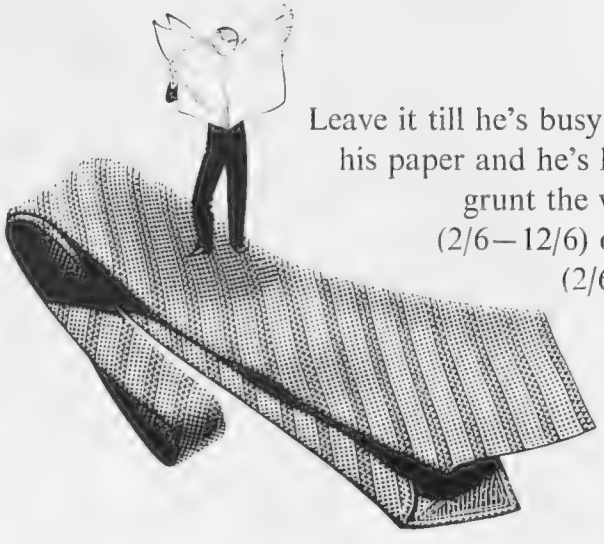
GROSVENOR HOUSE

PARK LANE GROSVENOR 6363

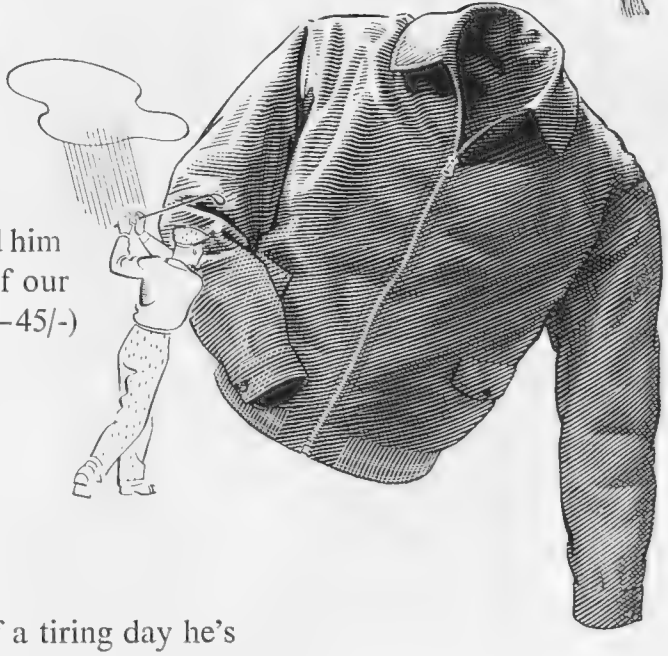
Ask him what he'd like from
Austin Reed's

Ask him early in the morning and he'll probably wish one of our camel-fleece dressing gowns (4 guineas)

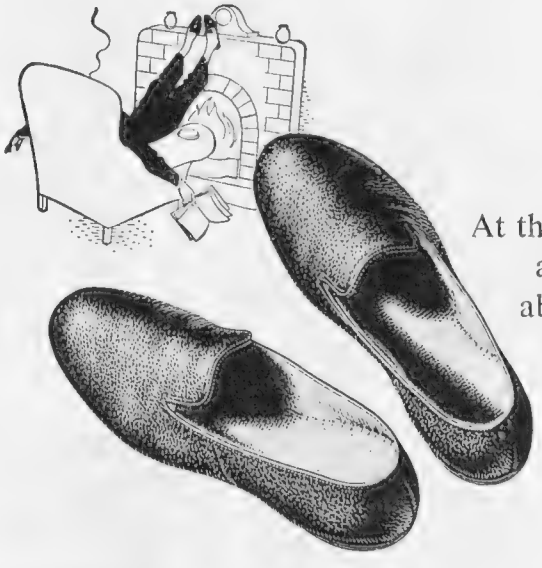
Leave it till he's busy reading his paper and he's likely to grunt the word tie (2/6—12/6) or socks (2/6—10/6)



A wet week-end may remind him of the advantages of our weatherproof golfjacs (16/6—45/-)



At the end of a tiring day he's apt to murmur something about slippers (10/6—22/6)



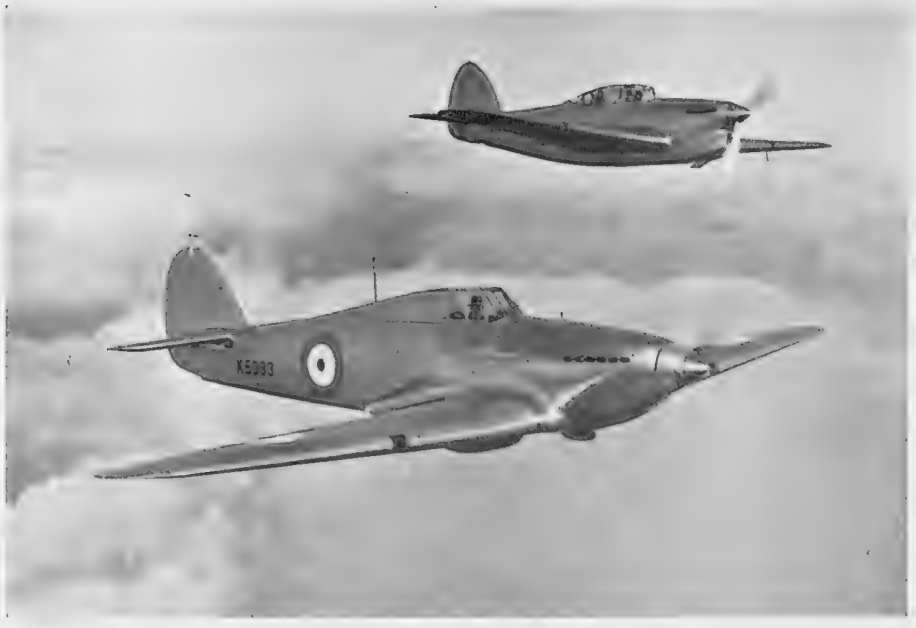
Just work out for yourself the most suitable time of asking. Or, if you'd prefer to ask **us** *— we have more than a hundred ideas from a few shillings to several guineas.*

103-113 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W1

AUSTIN REED LTD.

Aids to Safe Flying

By Charles Ward

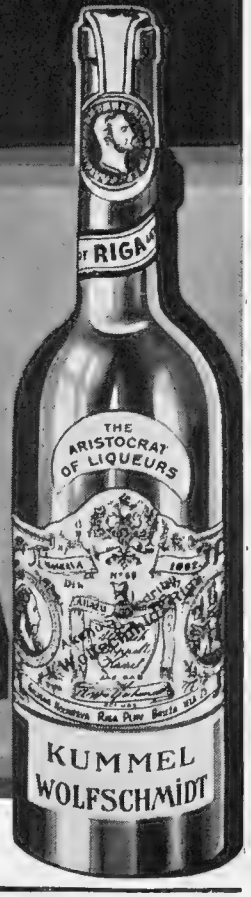


Bomber and fighter engaged in peaceful flight above clouds over Brooklands. That nearest camera is Hawker "Hurricane," 300 miles an hour "plus"; the other, "Henley" light bomber. Both are powered by Rolls-Royce engines

Airport Equipment

THE peaceful pursuit of flying for pleasure suffers a check during the winter months in England. Fog, low clouds, rain and snow interfere with the operation of aircraft by the very amateur. Only those who are skilled enough to proceed abroad into areas where the weather is kinder can take advantage of the facilities which flying offers. Passengers by air-line are more stoical than they were fifteen years ago. The aids to bad-weather travel have been improved. Wireless plays a dominating part in winter—aided by light beacons and floodlights. There is much still to be done, however, before flying becomes as safe as it should be. The "white line" for fog landings and take-offs should be illuminated. If a pilot passes a certain light before he is off the ground, this should indicate to him that a safe take-off is impossible owing to the height of obstacles in front that must be cleared. I am thinking of the accident to the German night mail from Croydon. No one knows the reason for the crash, and a lighted lane may not have saved the crew, but cases have occurred in the past where pilots have taken-off too late and a light signal would have prevented this mistake. Landings in fog cannot be made at aerodromes bordered by obstructions more than 100 ft. in height, unless these are illuminated with a warning sign. Main airports should not be sited where adjacent obstacles exist, or such should be removed by order. It is timely that attention be drawn to the danger to the civil population of aircraft movements where adequate precautions have not been taken. No one has taken the trouble to warn tenants of houses bordering an aerodrome that a crash may occur on the roof. Every aerodrome should be surrounded by a belt of land, sterilised in so far as building is concerned, or controlled in such a way that no dangerous obstacles exist for landings and take-offs. This is a counsel of perfection, never to be achieved at all flying centres, but there is no excuse for ignoring the danger, nor for neglecting to supply adequate ground equipment to ensure maximum safety. Similarly, no transport aircraft should be licensed to fly unless it has every aid in the form of modern instruments and unless its pilot and crew are qualified to use them efficiently.

(*Concluded on page viii*)

WOLFSCHMIDT
RIGA
KUMMEL
The Aristocrat of Liqueurs
REAL KUMMEL IS WOLFSCHMIDT RIGA KUMMEL SINCE 1847.


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W. D. & H. O. Wills.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd C.C.588E

Howard Marshall on Sport

(Continued from page 382)

1930, when four days were allotted to Test matches against Australia, all four Tests at Manchester and Leeds have been drawn—a most unsatisfactory state of affairs.

Now a word about boxing and that rather dire evening at Harringay in particular, when Maurice Strickland and other Dominion heavy-weights disappointed us so sorely. Strickland did beat Delaney, it is true, but only after one of the dullest fights we have seen for years. It was announced subsequently that Strickland was a sick man when he entered the ring. For a couple of days he had been suffering from the preliminary symptoms of gastro-enteritis, and I suppose it is not altogether surprising that he floundered about the ring so inefficiently.

In a way I am sorry for Strickland, who carried on because he did not want to disappoint the public. But there is another point of view. The contest, to my way of thinking, should have been called off as soon as Strickland reported unfit. The only way to consider the public is to ensure that all contestants take the ring in the pink of condition.

Strickland would have done himself more good in every way if he had retired gracefully to bed. He has had a disappointing visit to this country, for he did so well in America, where, among others, he beat Nathan Mann, who has now tentatively been matched with Tommy Farr.

I fancy we still have to see the best of Strickland, though I must admit that none of the heavy-weights on view last week made us think it even remotely possible that they would ever be in the running for a world title.

Ed Wenstob, the Canadian cowboy, has certainly improved his boxing and looked about the best of them. But Roby Leibbrandt, of South Africa, a cheerful, optimistic customer, proved that he still has a great deal to learn in the professional ring.

As for Jack London, who hammered an enormous negro from Glasgow to the canvas with gargantuan swings, he may have strength and courage, but he seems to lack every other attribute of a great heavy-weight.

Disappointing

That was the mildest verdict of the Harringay audience on the Maurice Strickland—Al Delaney heavy-weight encounter last week. Mr. Howard Marshall has something to say about it in this article

There is no doubt that heavy-weight boxing has fallen on evil days; and I am not surprised that General Critchley has decided not to stage any more contests for the big fellows at Harringay for some time to come.

While I was watching these indifferent fights I could not help wondering what a really first-class performer would have looked like by comparison. All these heavy-weights were ponderous and wide open, and I believe Carpentier, let us say, would have polished off the lot in one evening with one punch apiece. And Jack Dempsey would have eaten the whole bunch alive.

It does seem rather incongruous that when Tommy Farr has represented Great Britain so sturdily against the best in America, the heavy-weight situation here should be so moribund.

Winter sport altogether, as it happens, is rather moribund. At the moment fishermen, however patient, are complaining that lack of rain has kept their rivers low and bright, with coarse fishing consequently shy and elusive.

Even the Rugby footballer, usually the most contented of men, is grumbling about the laws and making disgruntled speeches at club dinners.

We are waiting now, incidentally, for the publication of the second England trial teams which will include, no doubt, several of the players in yesterday's University match. It is possible that F. M. McCrae will appear again among England's elect, which is certain to bring me another packet of letters from angry Scotsmen. This qualification business is exceedingly difficult. I am no onomatologist, though I am told that McCrea is perfectly good West Country. If this is so, the Selectors' minds may rest easy. But in the meanwhile I should indeed be grateful if any of my readers could present me with the really watertight system of international qualification. No prizes offered!

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French SPARKLING MUSCATEL
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If YOU will send **1/-**

WE will see that a child belonging to a poor family has a real good Xmas Dinner! (You can send more if you like.) You will find no happier bargain! Send Donations, Toys, Clothes, or anything, to:—

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VICHY-CÉLESTINS is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism.* Drink it *regularly* at meals, and at any other time. *Obtainable everywhere.*

● CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London.

The Diamond-Hunter *(Continued from page 391)*

he had the diamond to come back to and that it was only a question of time before market conditions improved and he would be able to sell it for a sum that would assure him an income for life. Supposing the stone fetched £25,000 : that would still leave Peters £20,000 to invest after paying off the mortgage.

I was a little surprised the diamond had not been sold for a sum of this sort already. I said as much to the manager of the Bond Street jewellery shop. The manager shrugged his shoulders. He said, what Peters had said, that the diamond being the rarer golden colour that it was, it would not appeal to everybody. It was really a collector's stone, the manager said ; or else it was a stone that would be presented by a big company, or even by a nation, to the sovereign, as had happened in the case of the Koh-i-Nor. The manager then looked at Peters and said : " We shall see what will happen to-morrow."

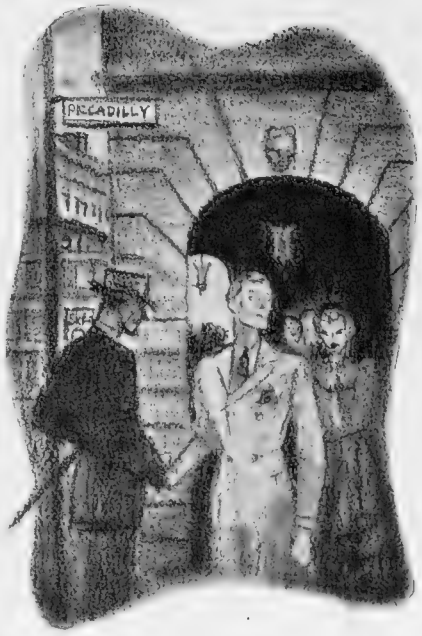
" They are going to put it up for auction at a sale," Peters told me.

He spoke glumly, so I knew that by " they " he meant the mortgagees. The stone had been on the market for more than a year. The mortgagees wanted their £5000, so the stone was to be put up for auction with exactly that price upon it as reserve.

" Come to the sale," Peters said.

I said I would go with him, for we had travelled together and panned for diamonds together ; besides, I was curious.

We reached the sale-room a little before twelve next day. No special fuss was being made about the Tiger's Eye. It was just one of the items listed in the catalogue, with some pictures and old silver, and other things. There was not even a particularly large crowd. No London paper had the story that this really unique stone was to be sold that day. From Peters' point of view the whole business seemed to have been poorly managed. I stood beside him while the



" The best things in life are free "

auctioneer sold item after item quickly and deftly. Then Peters touched my arm, and I saw the auctioneer holding up a little box.

" A very fine South African diamond—weight when uncut 178½ carats ; present weight . . ." he consulted a sheet of paper, " 61½ carats."

I was thinking to myself that three carats was quite a good size for a diamond in a ring. The bidding started ; it was surprisingly low. I think £3000 was the opening bid. The amount increased to £5000 and stopped at that figure. In the same tone that he had used when selling a piece of silver, the auctioneer said : " Five thousand pounds is bid for this diamond. It is a very good stone, gentlemen. Any advance on five thousand pounds ? For the last time, five thousand pounds bid for this diamond," he raised his hammer. " Five thousand pounds. No advance on five thousand pounds ? At five thousand pounds—going—going—*gone* ! "

The hammer fell. The mortgagees would take every penny of the money. Peters was penniless. I could not look at him. It was terrible to be standing beside a man who had just been wiped out with the tap of a hammer. He had not talked much about the Tiger's Eye, but I knew the stone had obsessed his thoughts. He was not a man who had ever had more than about two or three hundred pounds' capital in his life before. He had worked hard for his bread ; he would have to go on working ; it was unlikely he would ever find anything much again ; very few prospectors do.

" Let 's go," Peters said.

We walked out into St. James's Street. The sun was shining in a blue April sky. Peters refused to lunch with me. He said he would go to the corner and catch a bus back to his lodgings. We walked along together towards Piccadilly. Peters did not say a word about the sale. He held his shoulders back and strode along as if he hadn't a care. When we got to Piccadilly he held out his hand. " Good-bye. Maybe we 'll meet again some place."

I thought of him shaking his pan, peering down at it to see if anything had come to the surface, then throwing the rubble away. I knew he would never find another Tiger's Eye. I felt desperately sorry for him and wondered what to say. At this moment he looked up at the April sky ; there was a happy smile on his face.

" They can keep their old diamond," he said. " The best things in life are free."

THE END.

The Editor's Box

Christmas Cards

WHEN you can't put off buying Christmas cards any longer, why not send for catalogues and do your choosing at home instead of in the hurly-burly of the counter-side ?

The Ward Gallery has established itself as the leading producers of modern cards, using designs by good contemporary artists, or reproducing their already existing work. This year there are some beautiful reproductions of photographs listed in the Ward catalogue. The whole range is excellent, and the prices extraordinarily moderate.

Raphael Tuck have a tremendous Christmas catalogue of cards, calendars, postcards and books of every conceivable type and price. Tuck cards are almost as traditional a part of Christmas as plum-pudding.

Then for cards and games and, above all, for calendars, there is C. W. Faulkner and Co. They have now added " Wise-cracks " to " Great Thoughts " and " Witty Thoughts "—their famous " tear-off " calendars. You have to be stonily impervious to superstition if you 've never read an omen into any of these.

For a Countryman's Bookshelf

TWO hardy annuals, bound as usual in an attractive scarlet—or should one say pink ?—have appeared on the booksellers' lists : and they would do well on your list for Christmas or the New Year.

The Hunting Diary and Guide for the Season 1937-8, is published by Messrs. Walter Goldsmith and Co., Ltd., of 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2, and costs 5s. 6d. Considerably enlarged and improved, it is, as usual, a perfect encyclopædia of useful hunting information, and contains every possible matter of interest and reference to followers of hounds.

The other pink-coat is *Baily's Hunting Directory*. It contains the season's particulars of 565 hunts—405 in Britain, 119 in America, the rest in Europe or Colonies. Details of all these hunts are given, such as cap, nearest station, names of officials. A new feature appears in *Baily's* this year. The register of point-to-point winners, in alphabetical order, has been extended to include placed horses—first, second and third—so that the performance of any horse during the past season can be seen at a glance.

Baily's is published by Messrs. Vinton and Co., 8, Bream's Buildings, E.C.4. It costs half a guinea, and a red leather edition is available for 15s.

Aids to Safe Flying *(Continued from page iv)*

'Plane News

A FEW of the Short " Scion " twin-engined taxis are for sale at reduced prices. The " Scion," designed by Short Brothers and built by Pobjoy, an associated company at Rochester, is most economical to operate. It carries five passengers with 180 horse-power and costs fourpence per passenger at sixty per cent. capacity, this including a fair profit. The " Scion Senior " carries up to ten passengers with four " Niagara " engines and is most suitable for short ferry trips or joy-riding, both as a landplane and seaplane. Experience with the " Scion " types was useful to Short Brothers for the design of " Mercury," the trans-Atlantic seaplane due for trials from the upper deck of " Maia." For transport over difficult country, the aeroplane has come into its own. In New Guinea they set a standard which was imitated in Canada and is now applied in South America. Five hundred tons of gold-mining machinery is being transported across the Andes in Bolivia by air, the estimated time under contract being three months instead of eight years on the backs of donkeys ! Jersey Airways has scheduled special services for Christmas, some of which include night-flying. Both Southampton and Heston are equipped with the necessary floodlights for landings after dark.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE " BYSTANDER " GOLF COUPON DECEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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H.B.9. Something new! A Vanity Case and Handbag combined, complete with fittings, and fixed centre purse. In Calf, in tan, bottle, red, black, navy or brown. Size, 7×6½. Foreign. 21/9

H.B.9

H.B.10. An attractive combination of Suède and Calf makes this Bag suitable for all occasions. Fitted with fixed purse, mirror and extra pocket. Foreign. In black, brown, navy, bottle or red. Size, 10×6½. 25/9

H.B.10

H.B.11. A gift she will appreciate. A smart shape in good quality Calf, with neat embossed gilt frame. Fitted with divided inner division, mirror and extra pocket for papers. In mulberry, red, bottle, black, navy or brown. Size, 7×7. 21/9

H.B.11

H.B.12

Hand-bags: Ground Floor

H.B.12. A triple-opening Handbag in Box Calf, with strong double handles. Fitted with mirror. In black, navy, brown, red, bottle or tan. Size, 8 × 7 - - - - - - - - 25/9

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Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Phone: Regent 1616.

"GOTHIC" brassière in tea rose satin and net, giving beautiful firm uplift. 32" to 38". Price **9/11.**

Corset in very strong lastex with crepe and batiste panels, designed to control the waistline. Price **57/6.**

Exquisite Linens

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Exclusive Clothes

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Douglas

Beryl Heasman

Is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Heasman, of 23, New Cavendish Street, W.1, and she is engaged to Peter Dumaresq Sheridan Young, only son of Major and Mrs. Young, of The Hurst, Church Crookham, Hants

Tunbridge

June Limb

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Limb, of Cavendish, Princes Park Avenue, N.W.11; she is engaged to Hugh Webster, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. F. H. Webster, of 40, Church Crescent, N.3

Lenare

Hazel Pepper

Has announced her engagement to John Fawcus, only son of Colonel and Mrs. Fawcus, of Dunstansteads, Embleton, Northumberland; she is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Wilfred Pepper, of The Elms, Wincanton

Lenare

Ethel Fox-Saunderson

Is the only child of the late G. Fox-Saunderson and Mrs. Joynt, of Redlands, Weymouth; she is to marry Lieut. Hugo Newton, R.N., only son of the late F. Newton, and Mrs. Nicholls, of Rosemary, Budleigh Salterton

Bassano

Peggy Shingleton

Is the daughter of Major L. Shingleton and Mrs. Edith Shingleton, of 32, Redcliffe Road, S.W.; she is to marry Peter Frank Synnott, R.A., son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. T. Synnott, of Hamblyn's Coombe, Dittisham, Devon

Tunbridge

Molly Smeaton

Is the only daughter of the late Dr. C. W. Smeaton and Mrs. Smeaton, of Hovingham, York; she is engaged to Herbert Michael Shepherd-Cross, of Swathgill, Hovingham, York, elder son of the late Major and Mrs. Cecil Shepherd-Cross

Lenare

Margaret Pilkington

Margaret Susan Douglas Pilkington, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Alan Pilkington, of Dean Wood, Newbury, Berks., is to marry Thomas Patrick Douglas Spens, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Spens, of Powis House, Stirling

Lenare

Daphne Greenfield

Daphne Laura Ursula Greenfield, only daughter of the late Frank Greenfield and Mrs. Greenfield, of Earley Wood Rise, Sunninghill, Berks., is engaged to Lieut. Raymond Shaw, R.N., son of Mr. R. H. Shaw and Mrs. K. Shaw, of 33, Emperor's Gate, S.W.7

Lenare

Bunty Soames

Is the daughter of Capt. A. G. Soames, of Duckings, Withyham, Sussex, and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys; she is engaged to Capt. A. G. F. Monro, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of the late Major George Monro and Mrs. Monro, of Auchinbowie, Stirlingshire

Vandyk

Nancy Huggins

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Huggins, of Nigel, Transvaal, South Africa, and is engaged to David Neave, only son of Mr. and Mrs. David Neave, of 83, Elm Park Mansions, S.W.

Vandyk

Catherine Honor Rankine

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Rankine, of 16, Belgrave Crescent, Edinburgh, and is engaged to Lieut. Edward Finch-Noyes, R.N., son of Col. C. R. Finch-Noyes, D.S.O., of Tudor Court, Hanworth, Middlesex, and the late Hon. Mrs. Rodney

Lenare

Diana Joan Arthur

Is engaged to James Douglas Carter, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Carter, of Tower Park, Fowey, Cornwall; she is the elder daughter of Mr. Thomas Arthur, of The Elms, Bickley, Kent

Williams — Murray

Ronald Peers Williams, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams, of Walden House, Torquay, and Christian Charlotte Murray, younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Stewart Lygon Murray and Mrs. Murray, of The Red Cottage, Potten End, Berkhamsted, were married at St. Cyriac's, Lacock

Peterkin — Watson

At St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, William Peterkin, W.S., son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Grant Peterkin, of Forfar, married Rachel Mary Watson, third daughter of the Hon. Adam George Watson, W.S., of 12, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, and the late Mrs. Watson

Wellby — Seyler

At All Saints', Margaret Street, Montagu Richard Wellby, younger son of Major and Mrs. E. V. Wellby, of Westham, Sussex, married Joyce Rosamond Seyler, elder daughter of the late Nigel W. Seyler and Mrs. Seyler, of Bembridge, Isle of Wight

Minshall — Llewellyn

Merlin Theodore Minshall, only son of Col. and the late Mrs. T. H. Minshall, of Friars, Matfield, Kent, and Isyllt Llewellyn, only child of the late Dr. and the Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn, of Warley Lodge, Essex, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Goodwin — Watson

Lieut. David Gordon Goodwin, R.N., and Aline Jean Watson were married at Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore. He is the second son of Colonel and Mrs. W. R. P. Goodwin, of Eastbourne; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Watson, of Whinfell House, Crowborough, Sussex

Trevelyan — Bartholomew

The Viceroy of India and Lady Linlithgow were present at the wedding in Delhi of Humphrey Trevelyan, of The Residency, Bangalore, and Peggie Bartholomew, daughter of General Sir William Bartholomew, G.O.C.-in-Chief, York Command, and Lady Bartholomew

Powys-Lybbe — Ferrand

Antony Powys-Lybbe, only son of the late R. C. L. Powys-Lybbe and Mrs. Powys-Lybbe, of Chestnut Farm, Princes Risborough, married Rosemary Priscilla Ferrand at St. Mary's, Woolhampton. She is the second daughter of Mr. G. E. Ferrand, of Bracon Lodge, Braconash, Norwich, and Mrs. Ferrand, of The Old House, Bradfield

Keith — Horsey

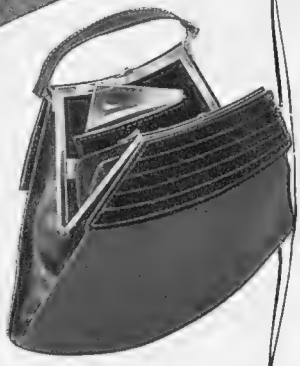
Desmond Keith and Helen Horsey were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the elder son of the late A. D. Keith and Mrs. Keith, of 10, Unwin Mansions, S.W.; she is the actress-daughter of the late Dr. Edward Horsey, M.P., and Mrs. Horsey, of 23, Crompton Court, S.W. She has a part in "Time and the Conways"

Bucknall — Bott

Captain Derek Bucknall, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bucknall, of 44, Lowndes Square, S.W.1, and Elizabeth Noreen Bott, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. H. Bott, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Boots for GIFTS OF DISTINCTION

BRUSH SET, real enamel on silver deposit. With hair and cloth brushes, mirror and comb. In various colours. 63/-



MAYFAIR BAG. Calf, chromium frame, deep suede yoke, silk lined, divided inner half white kid lined. 21/-

SHAVING COMPANION. Zipp fastening pigskin case with military brush, etc. Ideal for travelling. 63/-

These are typical of the HUNDREDS of ideas you'll find at Boots

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ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.
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Candles for Christmas! The festive board gleams . . . . . radiant faces glow in the soft light of colourful Venetian Candles. Candlelight gives glamour in keeping with the occasion. Choose Venetian Candles — they're brighter and burn better.

PRICE'S VENETIAN CANDLES

Note for Society Hostesses . . . Most effective for table decoration and lighting, are the new "Flower-lights." In various colours, from leading stores, 1/3 per box of six.

WE MAKE AMENDS

"House Full for Christmas" has long been up at the Palace. This is an annual occurrence in spite of successive expansions. Were we to permit it (the climate certainly does) city magnates would no doubt rush to bivouac in the grounds.

To make up for this bitter disappointment—yes, we really *are* full for Christmas—you might like to discover that the Palace is about the only place in England where you can really enjoy January. In fact you wouldn't recognise it for the same month. And don't forget, in addition to those who come to the Palace to *enjoy* Christmas, there are others who come to get over it. It is always advisable to book in advance—even for January.

PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY

The terms include golf in the hotel grounds and on the Churston course, hard and covered tennis courts, squash, badminton, croquet, bowls, swimming pool, gymnasium, sun lounges, dancing, talking pictures, entertainments, cabarets.

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TIES AND HANDKERCHIEFS. English printed Foulard Silk Ties, Crêpe lined. Printed Crêpe Silk Handkerchiefs with Satin striped borders to match Ties. Set in Gift Box - - 12/6

ENAMEL AND GLASS CUFF LINKS. With sporting designs 6/6

SNAP-BACK CUFF LINKS. On and off in a moment 6/6

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LADIES' FITTED TOILET CASE.
Zipp fastening leather case with coloured Balmoral Hair Brush and Comb, etc. Obtainable in Blue, Pink or Green.
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Hall-marked Sterling Silver CIGARETTE BOX, 72/6
For fifty cigarettes. Larger sizes to hold seventy-five, 87/6. Hundred, 100/-

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Zipp fastening black Calf case with either blue, red, green or tortoise-shell colour fittings.
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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 8—December 14

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Basil Foster and Ethel Glendinning as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

"Il Tabarro"

Arnold Matters and Winifred Kennard are the husband and faithless wife in the Sadler's Wells production of Puccini's operatic tragedy. They are also respectively Wotan and a Valkyrie in to-night's new presentation of Wagner's "Valkyrie"

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IT'S YOU I WANT.—Seymour Hicks makes a bright success of a farce whose chief advantage is his acting and Miss Jane Carr's: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat. 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket 8.30. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THINK OF A NUMBER.—Winifred Shotter, Douglas Byng and Sara Allgood in a farcical comedy that gathers speed after hesitations: Comedy, 8.30 Tues., Fri., 2.30

Diseuse

RUTH DRAPER.—Original character sketches: Vaudeville, 8.45. Thurs., Sat., 2.45.

First Nights

OH, YOU LETTY!—Sydney Howard, Wylie Watson Bertha Belmore in Jack Waller's musical comedy Palace, to-night, 8th.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A mystery drama by a new author has a large cast: Whitehall, Thurs., 9th.

CINEMAS

THE BARRIER (American).—Gold-mining, kidnapping, tough crowds at play in a film of the Alaskan frontier: Plaza.

BREAKFAST FOR TWO (American).—Herbert Marshall and Barbara Stanwyck in this: Regal.

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Duvivier directed this first-prize film: a bitter-sweet story, François Rosay, Rainer, Harry Baur, Pierre Blanchar: Studio One.

DEAD END (American).—Slum-dwellers and socialite make contact in this interesting film, with Sylvia Sidney Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart: Gaumont.

DR. SYN (British).—George Arliss as the smuggling parson is now at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

100 MEN AND A GIRL (American).—Romance, humour music and a good story, Deanna Durbin, Adolphe Menjou, Leopold Stokowski: Leicester Square.

THE LAST GANGSTER (American).—He is Edward G Robinson: Empire.

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (American).—A magnificent and noble film with a very human and very living portrait by Paul Muni in the name part: Carlton.

MADEMOISELLE DOCTEUR (British).—Erich von Stroheim as a sinister spy chief, Dita Parlo as one of his charming employees, in a Salonika war story with plenty of movement: London Pavilion.

MONICA AND MARTIN (German).—Luise Ullrich and Viktor de Kowa are the model and artist who star in this Bohemian life film: Berkeley.

NON-STOP NEW YORK (British).—Detectives, murderers blackmailers mix in a trans-Atlantic flying boat—Anna Lee, John Loder, Frank Cellier: New Gallery

STAND IN (American).—Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell Humphrey Bogart in a satire on Hollywood high finance Tivoli.

UNDERWORLD (French).—Jean (*Pepe le Moko*) Gabin plays the lead with Suzy Prim opposite; Renoir directed this prize film from Maxim Gorki: Curzon.

THE VOGUES OF 1938 (American).—Walter Wanger's technicolour is a specialised appeal; Joan Bennett and Warner Baxter head the cast: Odeon.

THE WHITE SQUADRON (Italian).—Shot in Libya, the theme of this noble film is man's task in the world—or one conception of it: Academy

OPERA

IMPERIAL LEAGUE OF OPERA SEASON, COVENT GARDEN
- MADAME BUTTERFLY.—To-night. 8th, 8.15.
- RIGOLETTO.—Thurs., 9th, 8.
- LA BOHÈME.—Fri., 10th, 8.15.
- MADAME BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 11th, 2.30.
- BARBER OF SEVILLE.—Sat., 11th. 8.15.

SADLER'S WELLS:
- THE VALKYRIE.—To-night, 8th, 7.15.
- FAUST, with ballet.—Thurs., 9th, 8.
- LA BOHÈME.—Sat., 11th, 2.30.
- THE VALKYRIE.—Sat., 11th, 7.15.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:
- THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, GISELLE PAS DE DEUX, POMONA, LAC DES CYGNES, Act III.—Fri., 10th 8.30.
- CHECKMATE, BLUE BIRD PAS DE DEUX, NOCTURNE LORD OF BURLEIGH.—Tues., 14th, 8.30.

POLISH BALLET.—Opens at Covent Garden, Mon., 13th

MUSIC

Recital

MARIAN ANDERSON.—Queen's Hall, Fri., 10th, 8.30.

Concerts

B.B.C.—Sargent conducts in Haydn "Drum-Roll" symphony, Dvorak's A minor violin concerto (Milstein) and Bax's fifth symphony: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8th. 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme to be announced: Covent Garden, 12th, 3.15

LONDON THEATRE CONCERT.—Haigh Marshall conducts his orchestra and three soloists in a Mozart programme: Cambridge Theatre, Sun., 12th, 8.30.

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat, 2.30.

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Dodie Smith's newest aims higher than her others, with Anne Firth in a delicate exposition of youthful passion; Ivy St. Helier Cecil Parker, Peter Coke: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CYMBELINE.—Shaw has adapted Shakespeare's play: Embassy, 8.15 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HABIMA PLAYERS.—This celebrated company from Tel-Aviv gives a repertory season in Yiddish: Savoy. 8.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT'S A WISE CHILD.—Joan Marion leads the cast at a rapid pace through this rattling and mildly risqué farce: Garrick, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

MACBETH.—Laurence Olivier and Judith Anderson lead. Saint-Denis produced, Motley decorated, Milhaud wrote the music: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—This Eugene O'Neill has a grim and exciting story to tell: Westminster, 7.

PEOPLE AT SEA.—Priestley's third concurrent play is not as good as the others but holds interest in a group of people in a burnt-out liner: Apollo, 8.30. Mon. Sat. 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—Sheridan's comedy is part of the Gielgud season; brilliantly acted, it out-plays and outwits every modernity: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—The diarist played by Edmund Gwenn, is shown as a great, not petty, man in the service of King Charles (Barry Barnes): Shaftesbury 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat. 2.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues. Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety Company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT'S IN THE BAG.—Brightly coloured and ingenious revue will make a pleasant and not taxing evening: Elisabeth Welch, Gene Sheldon: Saville, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

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"BYSTANDER" RIVIERA SECTION

Riviera Rovings

By Edward E. Long

The Riviera by Road

A stretch on the magnificent route de la Corniche d'Or

At this season of the year one of the most charming of travel regions—many would say the most charming—is the Riviera. It stretches, on its French side, from Marseilles to Mentone, forming the southernmost portion of Provence, with those famous mountains, the Alpes Maritimes, for a spectacular background, whilst the Italian Riviera extends from Ventimiglia to Spezzia, bordering historic Lombardy and Piedmont.

The variety of scenery is really amazing. Along the coast there are delightful little sandy bays screened off from the wind by high, tree-clad headlands, low-lying shores lined with pines, and stretches of cliff of fantastic outline, carpeted with green wherever there is foothold for a plant or tree to grow. Inland are hills covered with luxuriant groves of olives, oranges and lemons, while in the sheltered, warm valleys between them are fields of flowers—violets, roses, mimosa and jasmine, and avenues of palm and clusters of bougainvillea that bring the Tropics very near. At the back of it all are the Alpine snows, in the foreground the blue, sunlit waters of the Mediterranean, graced here and there with rocky islets and isles. To the charm of this region by day, well protected from northern winds, with a climate that is sunny, equable, and dry, one must add the glory of its sunsets.

The scenic variety of the Riviera extends to its resorts. You will find these, large, small, and of a size in between, scattered along the coast in the most delightful situations, with quaint old hostelries, hotels that are world-famous, fascinating old-world quarters—for the Riviera coast is steeped in history—and the most modern amenities.

For the sportsman there are many golf-courses, and among them some very sporting ones, with club-houses that are exceedingly attractive, both inside and out; excellent yachting is to be had (there are frequent races for "six-metres" which attract entries from many countries in Europe), and also polo. As for lawn tennis, the Riviera courts are famed for their international contests; on one of them Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills met for the only time, and most of the stars of the tennis world are to be found there every season. Moreover, though summer sport in winter-time is the keynote of the Riviera, winter sports can be enjoyed up in the near-by Alps, where, at Beuil, Valberg, and Auron, in January, a French Winter Sports Championship meeting is to be held.

For the motorist, the Riviera is a paradise. Not only are there many fine, wide and well-surfaced roads, but they are engineered so as to afford the most perfect views of coastal and mountain scenery, with easy gradients and no dangerous curves. Finest among those of the French Riviera are the roads known as the Corniche, all of which, as their name denotes, border the sides of mountains. Best known are the Grand Corniche, dating from Napoleon's day, which climbs, over precipitous gorges, to a height of seventeen hundred feet above sea-level, between Mentone and Nice, and from which there is a marvellous panoramic view of the coast from the Tête du Chien above Monte Carlo to the Pointe de Camarat in the Maures Mountains; the Middle Corniche, which runs, tunnelling under the hill of Roux, from Nice to Monte Carlo; and the Petite Corniche, which skirts the shore most of the way between Nice and Mentone, and which is, literally, a ledge overhanging the sea, but an absolutely safe one.

Then on the Italian side a splendid coastal road, known as the Via Aurelia, a perfectly modernised version of the road of classical times along which Roman legions marched to the conquest of the Mediterranean shores of Gaul, is at the disposal of the motorist who wishes to visit any of the resorts lying between Ventimiglia and Genoa on the one hand, and between Genoa and Spezzia on the other.

Perhaps the crowning joy of the Riviera is that you can go anywhere you please, as you please, live just the sort of life you wish to live, and in whatever style your purse permits. Riviera prices to-day are certainly moderate, and that you get good value for your money is proved by the patrons who visit Riviera resorts year after year.

Marseilles is an excellent starting-point for "exploring" the Riviera. Soon after leaving it, travelling eastwards, one discovers pretty little Bandol, with an avenue of palms fringing a sandy beach, and clusters of agaves and cactus, reminding one, irresistibly, of some North African resort. It has a winter season, is renowned for its bouillabaisse, and rejoices in a resplendent Casino, the colouring of which is in keeping with its tropic aspect.

Hyères, the Gateway to the lovely Côte des Maures, has a charming situation at the foot of a rocky hill, and with its hotels and villas and their luxuriant gardens scattered amongst pine-woods, it has a most attractive appearance. It is not to be wondered at that it was the first of the resorts of the Riviera to

(Continued on page J)

The Riviera by Rail

This is one of the new Michelin petrol-driven "autorails" which ply between Cannes and Mentone

MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON 1937-38

SOCIAL EVENTS: Hotel de Paris—opening Gala *December 20*; INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—OPENING OF THE SEASON, *December 22*; Christmas Gala, *December 24*; New Year's Gala, *December 31*; International Bridge Tournament, *January 17-30*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis) Club Championships, *January 24-30*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 28—March 6*; Easter Tournament, *April 18-24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 12*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 19*; Bystander Mixed Foursomes, *March 17*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 29*; Sailing Regattas, *March 31—April 3*; Outboard Meeting, *April 21-24*.

MUSIC and THEATRE: Concerts (conducted by Bruno WALTER)—Recitals by KREISLER, CORTOT, THIBAUD and BRAILOWSKY; Wagner Festival; Opera — Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 22*; "Tristan and Isolde," *January 29*; Creation "Andersen's Tales," (Grieg Music) *February 27*; Comedy and Operetta Season, *December 18—January 24*; SACHA GUITRY, *January 20*; Comédie Française—official performances *during February*; Ballet Season, *April 2-28* (with two entirely new Massine Ballets.)

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• "BYSTANDER" RIVIERA SECTION *(Continued from page H)*

establish itself definitely amongst English folk, nor that it had a golf-course as far back as 1894! It now has two.

Ste. Maxime is a pleasant spot, well sheltered on the north by the Maures Mountains, and St. Raphael, with Valescure, rapidly increasing in winter season popularity, is thoroughly equipped for sport and amusement, with its golf-course, tennis courts, and Casino.

The glory of the sunsets on the red porphyry rocks of the Estérels is a permanent attraction of Cannes; the Croisette and its exquisite gardens form another, and a stay there affords an opportunity of a trip to Ste. Marguerite, one of the Îles de Lérins, to see the fort, built by Cardinal Richelieu, in which was imprisoned the "Man in the Iron Mask," and to Grasse, with its fields of violets, roses, jasmine, and orange blossom.

Between Cannes and St. Raphael—at Le Trayas, to be exact—a most original hotel has come to life called "The Ship Hotel" (Navirotel). It is built on the rock and resembles an ocean liner with deck space, swimming-pool, and a water-chute from one of the decks into the sea—this being the only way to get into the sea. All rooms have private baths. Pension rates are quoted only for *sunny days*. The days when it rains are deducted from the bill. When you arrive, you ring the bell and a voice coming out of a microphone asks you your business.

Juan les Pins, with Cap d'Antibes, is certainly a happy hunting-ground for winter sunshine and exercise in the open air, with a wonderful view westwards to St. Tropez, eastwards to the coast at San Remo, and inland to the snowy heights of the Alps.

Nice is the largest of the Riviera resorts, and its amenities have won for it the title of "Paris by the Sea," one it sustains remarkably well. The Promenade des Anglais bears testimony to this country's share in its popularity.

Nestling between Cap Ferrat and Cap Roux, Beaulieu is another little resort with a touch that is distinctly tropical; then comes lovely Cap d'Ail, with its bowers of bougainvillea and geranium, and next the lofty hill-spur on the summit of which is set Monaco, the picturesque.

(Continued on page L)

The Riviera by Water

The "Tête du Chien" mountain, at back, is above Monte Carlo

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"BYSTANDER" RIVIERA SECTION *(Continued from page J)*

Mentone's Harbour

Alps, wooded hills. sun-drenched villas and the sea

JUST across the harbour of La Condamine, opposite, is Monte Carlo, the Mecca of all who visit the Riviera, for, with its world-famed Casino, its International Sporting Club, splendid gardens, its palatial hotels and smart restaurants, and the character of its amusements, it is unrivalled. During the season there are to be concerts conducted by Bruno Walter, recitals by Kreisler, Cortot, Brailowsky, and Thibaud; Wagner's "Ring," by the Bayreuth Opera Company will be heard, also "Tristan and Isolde." Sacha Guitry, too, will be there. Tennis Club Championships at the Monte Carlo Country Club, and Cup Competitions of the Monte Carlo Golf Club will be played; on January 17th the Monaco National Fête will make this gayest of resorts more gay, and from January 29th-February 2nd the great automobile rally, for which Monte Carlo has won such renown, will take place.

The beautifully-wooded headland of Cap Martin is a worthy approach to Mentone, which, set down among groves of orange and lemon and delightful gardens, has a beauty that is distinctive. Its old-world quarter, dating back to the thirteenth century, is in striking contrast to the modernity of its hotels. With battles of flowers, regattas, an international lawn tennis tournament, motor-cycle races, and a motor rally, not to mention symphony concerts and galas at the Casino, Mentone promises a very busy season.

CROSSING the Italian frontier at Ventimiglia, the gardens of Mortola, close by, laid out in the year 1867 by a Mr. Thomas Hanbury and said to contain over 5000 species of tropical plants, are well worth a visit. A little further along the Via Aurelia is Bordighera, a resort much favoured by English visitors to the Riviera, and one with good hotels, and a delightful promenade by the sea. In between it and San Remo lies Ospedaletti, where the climate is so mild that even dates ripen in the winter gardens!

San Remo is Italy's premier Riviera resort. It has a remarkably mild climate, sunny, sheltered parks and promenades with a profusion of palms, luxurious hotels, a splendid Casino, where, apart from the tables, there are performances of opera, classical concerts, and *thé dansants*, and a most attractive eighteen-hole golf-course, with a fine club-house. It has, too, a large sports ground, and there is plenty of tennis and yachting. There are charming walks in the neighbourhood and round the old town.

Alassio, with its beautiful bay and its bracing climate, has always had an English clientèle, and boasts a British Club, which is a good guarantee for its sports facilities. On the other side of Genoa, with the fairyland beauty of the Portofino Peninsula

(Concluded on page N)

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Situated on the links. October 15—May 15. Six tennis courts.

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Facing Sea. :: Large park :: Free bus Service to VALESCURE GOLF.

FULL PENSION TERMS FROM 11/- A DAY. (8 minutes)

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Renowned cuisine. Moderate terms.

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Seek comfort, sport, pleasure and health in such resorts as Cannes, etc. Special REDUCED 30-day Holiday Tickets with 25% REDUCTION in Wagons-Lits and Pullman accommodation.

★ *ASK FOR booklets: "FRANCE", "SNOWS OF FRANCE", "THE RIVIERA REVISITED" by Charles Graves, "THE BASQUE COUNTRY AND THE BEARN", also details of Family Tickets with 75% REDUCTION for the third and subsequent persons and conditions of free rail transport of cars in France, etc., and all information from FRENCH RAILWAYS — NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, 179 Piccadilly, W.1. ('phone REGent 0135), the S.R. CONTINENTAL ENQUIRY OFFICE, Victoria Station, S.W.1, or any Travel Agent.*

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The King and Queen of Denmark

He is a keen yacht-racer

Madame Simone Mathieu

Secured over 12 championships in 1937

Miss Hardwick and "Mr. G"

"Mr. G" is the King of Sweden

• "BYSTANDER" RIVIERA SECTION

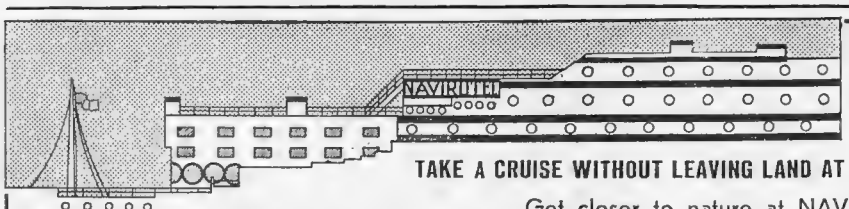
(Continued from page L)

for a hinterland, is Santa Margherita, one of the choicest spots I know of for a quiet winter holiday. The road from it to Rapallo, winding along the thickly-wooded hillside by the sea, is one of wonderful views. Rapallo itself, considered to have the finest situation on the Italian Riviera, has a Casino, golf, tennis, and unsurpassed facilities for interesting excursions.

RIVIERA rail travel is cheap and luxurious these days. Special 30-day return tickets are issued from London to Riviera resorts at about 30 per cent. reduction on the cost of two single fares, available by any service, according to class and route, on Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays, and on Friday, December 24th. Return is allowed by any train within the validity of the ticket, but tickets routed Le Havre are issued for Fridays and Mondays only, as there are no sailings on Saturdays and Sundays, or on Monday, December 27th. A reduction of 25 per cent. is allowed holders of these tickets on first- and second-class wagons-lits or Pullman supplements in France, provided such accommodation is paid for before departure.

The famous Blue Train will run from December 15th onwards (on which second-class couchette accommodation is now available), a day train for first-, second-, and third-class passengers will run between Paris and the Riviera throughout the season, and the new streamline day train for this journey, which reaches Marseilles in nine hours, will accept first- and second-class passengers on payment of a small supplement. The "Calais-Vintimille" and "Calais-Mediterranean" expresses will run as usual. Also, the railway autocar service between Marseilles and Nice, and intervening resorts, will be maintained, and the usual autocar excursions from Nice, Cannes, and Mentone.

Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son make a speciality of Riviera holidays, and this season they have made arrangements for a Christmas holiday on the Riviera, leaving London on Thursday morning, December 23rd, and returning to London on the Thursday evening following, at a very moderate price, for an inclusive charge. Messrs. Cook also issue tickets at inclusive prices for a fourteen days' Riviera holiday, inclusive, with travel by the Blue Train (the Côte d'Azur Express), and arrange for any other form of Riviera travel, in which connection it should be remembered that they have their agents in all the principal resorts.



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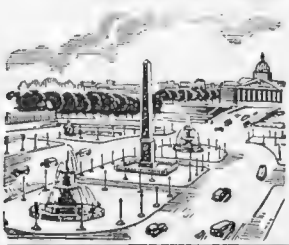

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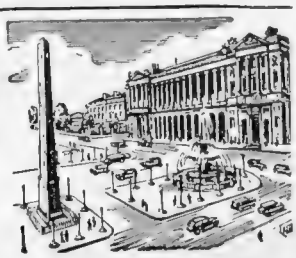

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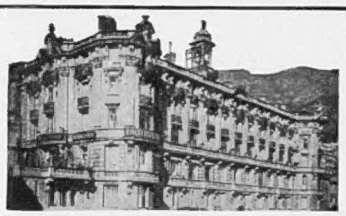

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All comforts, full south, garden overl. sea, moderate rates.

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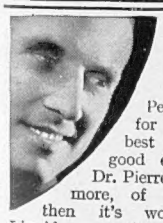

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Neglected colds open the door to Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and other troublesome and dangerous ailments. Used when the first symptoms of a cold appear, Vapex will stop it quickly and safely. If you have let your cold develop, Vapex will shorten the duration of the attack.
Vapex is pleasant, safe, economical and dependable. It contains no harmful drugs. Vapex has been stopping colds for over 20 years. Just sprinkle a drop on your handkerchief and a drop on your pillow and breathe the healing vapour freely.

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"My doctor advised Vapex and now the whole staff use it at the first tickle in the throat. Last winter we did not have one serious cold."
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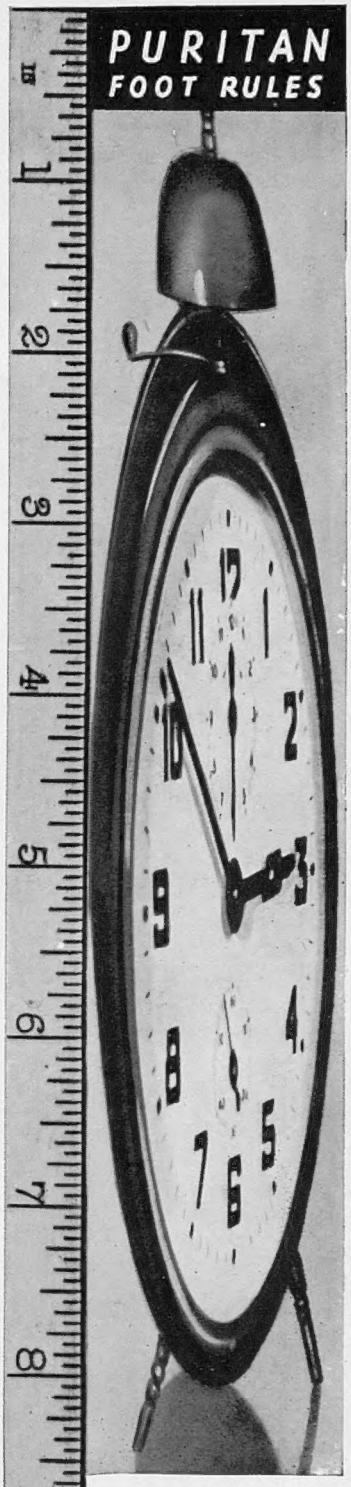

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Any cook responsible for the varied needs of a large and hungry household will appreciate the ESSE. It has a spacious top-plate and large roomy ovens for roasting, boiling and simmering. (In the PREMIER ESSE No. 71 illustrated here, a 25 lb. turkey can be roasted without embarrassing cook or bird.) The Auxiliary Oven on the left provides real cooking space and hot cupboard room. Why not call and see a demonstration ?

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